Spirit of the Times

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1838. VOL. VIII. No 24.

Amusements for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, July 28—Last night but one of the engagement of Mrs. and Miss Davenport. Second night of the engagement of Mr. Marble. THE FOREST ROSE: Jonathan, Mr. Marble—DUMB BOY OF MANCHESTER: Tom, Miss Davenport; Jane, Mrs. Davenport—and STATE SECRETS.

MONDAY, July 30—Last night of the engagement of Mrs. and Miss Davenport. RICHARD III: Richard, Miss Davenport: Queen Elizabeth, Mrs. Davenport—and THE DEW DROP.

TUESDAY, July 31—Third night of Mr. Marble's engagement. SAM PATCH, and other entertainments.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 1—Miss DAVENPORT'S BENEFIT. PAUL PRY IN PETTICOATS, and other entertainments.

THURSDAY, Aug. 2—Fourth night of Mr. Marble's engagement. THE MAIDEN'S VOW, and other entertainments.

FRIDAY, Aug. 3—Mrs. DAVENPORT'S BENEFIT.

Boxes $1, Pit 50 cts., Gallery 25 cts. Doors open at 7—Performances to commence at 7½.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Owing to the theft of our Port Folio last week, several articles prepared for last Saturday's paper were necessarily omitted, which will be found in to-day's edition. By the bye, the Port Folio was found one morning last week at the street door, in a sad mess.

A "Wolf Hunt," by "Seebright," is in type.

To G. F. B. Esq. Cannot say whether the *Setter* is "all he's cracked up to be," but presume he is sold ere this, as only $35 was asked for him. Will write you as soon as we can find out.

Pedigrees of Blood Stock furnished previous to September, will be published in the "Spirit of the Times" in season for insertion in Mr. STRATTON'S New American Stud Book.

Correspondents not alluded to above, will be answered through the Mail, with the exception of "Myself,"—"A. A."—and "S. & Co."

Things Theatrical.

The Park.—LITTLE MISS DAVENPORT.—We took occasion some weeks since to express our admiration of this gifted young lady, and our interest in her success has increased after witnessing her exceedingly clever performances at the Park. She has been making considerable sensation in pantomime as the "Dumb Boy of Manchester," and varies her entertainments with farce and tragedy. Her mother, a very respectable actress, adds greatly to the interest by her spirited personations of parts essential to the developement of the talents of the daughter. It is to this lady, we presume, we may attribute those wonderful readings of Miss D. which have astonished her auditors.

In a child's part like *Prince Arthur*, or even in *Young Norval*, Miss Davenport exhibits, to our eyes, not the slightest superiority to other smart Misses, but in *Richard*, and indeed in all those characters requiring the utmost powers of the most talented adult, this little phenomenon shines forth with astonishing brilliancy. Therefore she should never play any thing within the reach of ordinary capacities, and instead of going through the entire role of a five act tragedy, surprising one as much by her physical powers as mental, let her select *scenes only*, and of different Tragedies, and thus render lighter and more diversified an exhibition not intended, we take it, to move us with passion, but to astonish us by its extraordinary perfection in the person of a child. She will thus save herself and her audience a most painful infliction. However, she is in very good hands, and we doubt not they have satisfactory reasons for any course they may pursue in her performances. One thing at least is certain, did *we* not feel an interest in this blond and florid little English beauty, we should not have noticed her, and least of all given her one word of advice. She can make her fortune before she is eighteen, if managed judiciously, and that she may do so, she has our best wishes—and who knows—unless we get too far "into the lean and slippered pantaloon,"—what an old bachelor may be left to commit, in "mere oblivion."

MAEBLE, a low comedian of great reputation at the West, made his first appearance at the Park last evening. Yankee characters are his forte, and next week we are to have his amusing drama of "*Sam Patch*," said to be an uncommonly clever affair.

THORNE (Charles) has opened the *Olympic* with a clever company, including Mrs. (Clara Fisher) MAEDER, BLAKELEY, TOM FLYNN, and others.

The *Franklin* has a very strong company, and is doing a good business. The (Wm.) SEFTONS, the (Geo.) BARRETTS, the (John) GREENS, the (Wm. R,) BLAKES, and half a dozen other clever people are there.

NIBLO revived Italian Opera last night, producing *Il Barbiere di Seviglia*, with a strong cast, including Signors FORNASARI, FERERO, and CASOLANI, Mrs. HENRY WALLACK (late Miss Turpin), HORNCASTLE, Mrs. WILLIAMS, and several others. The Saloon is crowded nightly. JOHN SEFTON, the director, produces "My Wife's Mother," a new vaudeville, next week.

The Royal William steam packet brought us a letter from Yankee HILL, now in London. He was about to appear at the Theatre Royal Haymarket in a new piece BARNARD has been writing for him, and was in great spirits. He attended the Coronation, with a great number of our countrymen, who appear to have received marked attention; among a great many others named, are Gov. Cass, Col. Webb, Col. Thorne, Mr. John Van Buren, Mr. Preston, Mr. Wells, etc. WALLACK and MAYWOOD, and Col. WEBB, of the Courier & Enquirer, were to return per the Great Western. Maywood has made no engagements of consequence, having been anticipated by Mr. PRICE, of the Park, and Wallack. Price, for the Park, we understand, has engaged POWER, Madame VESTRIS, CHARLES MATHEWS, the KEELEYS, the BEDOUIN ARABS, and "a great card" to supply JOHN MASON'S place, besides some others we are not at liberty to name. The Bedouin Arabs are daily expected, and Power will be here by the 10th of next month. Wallack writes in capital spirits that he has made several engagements, but intending to take the town by surprise on his return, is unwilling that names should transpire. His "great creature," without doubt, will be CELESTE. Rumor says Mrs. HONEY, WARDE, HARLEY, and VANDENHOFF are among his other "stars."

The tragedy of "*Athenia of Damascus*," written by RUFUS DAWES, Esq., has been secured by Mr. and Mrs. GEORGE JONES. We read portions of it some months since, and were much struck with its dramatic interest and flowing imagery. It is likely to be produced here in October, and will no doubt reflect much honor on its gifted and amiable author. Mr. and Mrs. J. deserve all praise for their untiring efforts to merit the good wishes of the friends of the Drama, and we trust their professional success will keep pace with their endeavors to deserve it.

The farewell benefit of Madame VESTRIS, prior to her departure for this country, was fixed for the 12th inst.

ENGLISH THEATRICALS.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—After an absence of three, or nearly three years, Mdlle. Taglioni re-appeared at this theatre on Tuesday evening, and since the commencement of the season we have not seen a more crowded, more brilliant, or more enthusiastic audience than were assembled to welcome her. Boxes, pit, and gallery, were filled, literally speaking, to overflowing; and after what we have already said of the opera of *Parasina*, it is needless to add that as Donizetti's music could have constituted no part of the attraction, the compliment to Taglioni was complete. The opera was relieved at the close of the first act by a *pas de deux*, which introduced Mdlle. Taglioni with Signor Guerra. The reception of the fair favorite, when she first alighted on the stage, was warm and general; and when she made her obeisance, and the audience became fully alive, as it were, to her presence, the warmth grew to enthusiasm, and the house rang again with applause. Her Majesty, accompanied by the Duchess of Kent and the royal party, occupied the royal box. Frequently in the course of the evening her Majesty markedly expressed her satisfaction. The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge and Prince George sat in the next box. Bell's Life.

Webster, the indefatigable lessee of the Haymarket, has engaged Madame Vestris and Charles Mathews to perform twelve nights in that theatre previous to their departure for America. Madame Vestris will afterwards take a farewell benefit at the Italian Opera House, by the kind permission of Laporte. On that occasion Madame Vestris will personate a character in three different dramas, in English, French, and Italian.

The Olympic Theatre, during the absence of Madame Vestris in America, will open at the usual poriod. The company, for the ensuing season, will include all the old favorites, excepting Madame Vestris and Charles Mathews, with the addition of Mrs. Honey and Mrs. Stirling.

Madame Cinti Damoreau has arrived in London.

Woman's Wit.—Mr. Anderson is to succeed Mr. Macready as the hero of Knowles' play. This is *not* as it should be.

Madame Celeste has gone to Liverpool, where she performs in a drama not yet represented in London.

Madame Vestris, Mr. Charles Mathews, and Mr. Power, secure literally crammed houses every night at the Haymarket Theatre. Bell's Life.

The benefit of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Seguin on Wednesday night, at Drury-lane, was very well attended, and they deserved the compliment for their own sakes, as well as for the pains they had taken to provide such extraordinary attraction.

Madame Grisi.—When this eminent cantatrice was asked her terms for singing at the approaching festival in Westminster Abbey, on Monday week, she inquired whether the object of the meeting was for a charitable purpose; on being informed that it was so, she, in the most generous manner, offered her valuable services gratuitously. Ib.

Mr. Stirling, the husband of the actress, having, it is said, procured a Government situation, has withdrawn her altogether from the public stage.

The musical world is deprived for the present of the vocal talents of Miss Fanny Wyndham, owing to the decease of her mother. Ib

Paganini, it is said, is about to come to London, with the intention of giving some concerts at Drury-lane, on occasion of the Coronation. Ib.

THE DRAMA IN TEXAS.

On the opening of the Houston Theatre, the following very pretty address, written by a gentleman of New Orleans, was delivered by the manager, Mr. JOHN CARLOS. The "Houston Banner" says the house was filled to overflowing, and that the audience was much pleased with the performances.

Like some lone pilgrim through the southern wild,
Thalia comes, an unprotected child;
Her temple here, she dedicates to you,
To hold the world, the *mimic* world, to view.
What is the Drama! ask the Grecian Sage,
Who first engraved it on the classic page?
Go ask the Bards of never dying fame,
What is the Drama! they will give it name.
One golden line can all its worth impart,—
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart!"
"Show Vice its features, hideous grown by age,"
Correct the times by lessons from the stage.
To other climes, our native drama long
Hath been indebted for its themes of song;
When Europe's Bards held here despotic sway,
And native talent shouted forth their lay.
Our wilds now bloom, then here let genius dwell,
The muse come forth, e'en from her hidden cell,
And tuneful lyres, with proud ambition strung,
Raise high their notes, to native music sung.
The Texian Stage, like HIM your city's name,
Erects its altar to its country's Fame,
He who first planted on this fertile shore,
Columbia's flag, which o'er the wave he bore,
Ne'er dreampt that *here*, his name would proudly be
The bright insignia of the brave and free.
Where Freedom's voice is heard upon the hills,
Imparting music to her murmuring rills;
While towards the confines of the setting day,
Texas extends her prospects bright and gay,
Sparkling with gems, between two nations spread,
"*She seems a pearl upon creation's bed,*"—
While its *lone* star will shine upon the shore,
When kings are dead and tyrants rule no more.
Hail holy temple!—here let fancy dwell
In all her pride;—thrice hallowed be her cell,
Here shall the muse, with fond and plaintive sound,
Breathe forth her notes to native music crown'd,
Be this the Athens of the Modern World!
Here let the banner proudly be unfurl'd!
Old Time his scythe delighted throw aside,
And claim the Drama for his constant bride;
Where'er they move, new beauties crown the way,—
Art triumphs now, and Time knows no decay.
Then bid it flourish—let the Texian stage,
By you protected, live in after age,
We ask NO charter—claim no rigid laws,
Her rules are few;—her hopes—your kind applause.

THE LATE DUEL,

BETWEEN LORD CASTLEREAGH AND M. GERARD DE MELCY.

A duel took place on Saturday week at Wormwood Scrubs, at a very unusual hour for such "affairs." The parties were Lord Castlereagh (the son of the Marquis of Londonderry) and M. de Melcy, the husband of Madame Grisi. Lord Castlereagh has long *distinguished* himself by his intrigues, and has more than once escaped the evil consequences of his ridiculous pursuit of notoriety. By the occurrences which we are about to describe he has attained the summit of his wishes, as far as the publicity is desirable, although at the expence of a wounded arm. Perhaps society would not have lost much had the result been more serious. The *Morning Post* gives the following elaborate account of the transaction, and it will be seen that while the author has some difficulty in restraining his indignation, he exercises no small ingenuity in trying to palliate the conduct of the offender:—

"The attention of Lord Castlereagh to Madame Grisi for some weeks past attracted observation. He was ever foremost from the opera-box in expressing his admiration of her acting and singing, and in the society into which both were thrown he did not fail, if possible, to engross her conversation. This attention might pass off amid the bustle of a London season without special notice, if, in addition, the noble Lord had not endeavored to gain the eye of Madame Grisi by riding on horseback constantly before her house; but this freak, combined with all other display, left his conduct without excuse, and exposed him to the suspicions which have led to a deplorable result. The husband of Madame Grisi, M. Gerard de Melcy, a French gentleman of good family, is not a person to tolerate experiments of this nature; and having reason to believe that the young Viscount meditated something more decisive than making sweet eyes in public, or galloping in Regent-street, took measures to stop them at the threshold. In consequence of his precautions a letter (on Tuesday or Wednesday last, we are uncertain which), addressed by Lord Castlereagh to Madame Grisi, came into his hands before it could reach the lady for whom it was intended. The letter, happily for Madame Grisi, and the future repose of her husband, bore internal evidence of her honor, for it was the first declaration of a young man who affected to be desperately in love, and had no reference to any encouragement given by her, or to any circumstance which could touch her reputation. M. de Melcy did not communicate the circumstance to his wife, but he instantly went to the residence of the noble Lord, with the intention of demanding satisfaction. Lord Castlereagh was not in town, he was at Ascot. M. de Melcy repeated his visit on the following day, but his Lordship had not yet returned; and then M. de Melcy, without consulting with a friend, addressed a note to Lord Castlereagh, informing him that his letter was intercepted, and calling for the only reparation that it was in the young nobleman's power to give. Lord Castlereagh returned from Ascot on Friday, and, finding the card and letter of M. de Melcy at his house, lost not a moment in waiting on that gentleman, and offering to give whatever satisfaction was required. He commenced his observations by stating that he was alone to blame, and that he had not received the most distant encouragement from Madame Grisi. He then expressed his deep regret at the consequence of his imprudence. M. de Melcy, in reply, stated that an insult to his wife could not be settled by any verbal excuse; that it could only be atoned for by an hostile meeting, and he called on the noble Lord to name a friend who would be prepared to act on his behalf. Lord C., thus pressed, gave the name of Mr. Bentinck, at White's Club, as the person in whose hands his character would be placed. M. de Melcy lost no time in calling to his aid a French gentleman, M. Cottreau, to whom he for the first time opened all the circumstances of the case. M. Cottreau put himself without delay into communication with Mr. Bentinck, and both of these gentlemen, seeing as men of the world that a reconciliation was impossible, proceeded to settle the basis on which the hostile meeting should take place. But at the very first step a difficulty presented itself, arising out of the difference which exists between the laws of duelling in France and in England. In France the challenger, or the person aggrieved, has the right to choose time, place, and weapons, while in England custom has given that privilege to the challenged. M. Cottreau, on behalf of his friend, was desirous that the sword should be appealed to, while Mr. Bentinck was equally anxious that pistols should decide the quarrel. M. Cottreau was not disposed to yield until, being assured that Lord Castlereagh was not accustomed to swords, he waved that point, but still claimed his right of fighting with the pistol in the manner that weapon is resorted to in France. Our readers are aware that the French practice is to place the antagonists at forty paces distant, and to give them the privilege of walking up to fixed points, eight paces from each other, and of firing either before or after arriving at those points. This M. Cottreau insisted on in consideration of his abandonment of the sword; but Mr. Bentinck very properly told him that he could not answer for public opinion if a duel so fought was attended with any fatal result, and he prayed M. Cottreau to agree to the old-fashioned English mode of equal chance, at twelve paces distant. M. Cottreau struggled hard for his right, but he agreed at length to submit himself to the customs of this country, and he undertook, on behalf of M. de Melcy, to fight with pistols, at the word of command, at twelve paces. These preliminaries being all arranged, the hour of meeting was fixed for Saturday morning at half-past four o'clock. Both the gentlemen were in readiness; but previous to that hour, another discussion arose between the seconds as to the pistols that were to be used, when it was, after a long debate, arrranged that those should not be used with which they had been accustomed to practise, and that two pair should be taken at hazard from a gun-shop. This circumstance delayed some hours the proposed meeting, as it was impossible so early in the morning to procure arms, and it was not till ten o'clock that the principals were in a condition to take their ground. At that hour they met at Wormwood Scrubbs, one surgeon being in attendance. They were placed at twelve paces distance, and instructed that the words to be given were—'Gentlemen, are you ready? Fire!' accompanied by the dropping of a handkerchief. Previously to the signal, Lord Castlereagh caused his second to deliver into the hands of Monsieur Cottreau, with full permission to use it when and how he pleased, a paper signed by him, declaring in the most solemn manner, on the word of a man perhaps about to appear before his Creator in a few minutes, that Madame Grisi had not in the slightest manner encouraged his attention; that her conduct was in all respects irreproachable, and that he had never received a letter from her, or corresponded with her before. Having been placed on the ground, the word was given, and the signal dropped. They raised their pistols at the same instant. M. de Melcy carried his in a manner by which a surer aim is taken, but by which the person is wholly exposed, while Lord Castlereagh bore his in that form which gives some protection to the chest, but which is less effective in attack. They fired at the same instant. Lord Castlereagh's ball did not take effect, while M. de Melcy's passed through his antagonist's right arm near the wrist, across the waistcoat, raising the skin of the chest, and leaving a track of blood. The noble Lord was staggered by the blow, but in a second he shook off the faintness, and received the attentions of his friend with composure. It was feared at first that he was mortally wounded, as the train of blood across the chest was a formidable symptom; but it was soon found, that though his wrist was severely injured, his life was not in the least endangered. Most probably he was saved by the position of his arm, for if the hand had been directed straight before him, the ball would have lodged in his breast.

Mr. Bentinck, on seeing the condition of Lord Castlereagh, declared that as his friend was wounded, the affair could not be carried further. 'Not for the present,' added M. de Melcy, who had left his ground to give assistance to his wounded adversary. Mr. Bentinck hoped that the matter would altogether be at an end, for that the honor of M. de Melcy was fully satisfied, and the written declaration of Lord Castlereagh must be a sufficient vindication of Madame Grisi. M. de Melcy said that he was not desirous of carrying his resentment any further. His wife had been insulted by a declaration being addressed to her. He had taken on himself the defence of his wife—ample satisfaction had been given—and he was ready to declare that he would carry the affair no further.

The seconds then having stated in the usual form that both principals had conducted themselves fairly and honorably, Lord Castlereagh received every assistance at their hands. He was carried to the house of a peasant, and there was attended by the surgeon who witnessed the proceedings. He was removed to town in the course of the afternoon, and was, when we last heard, going on as favorably as could be expected.

The meeting soon "got wind," and at the opera in the evening all eyes were directed to the box of the Marchioness of Londonderry, whose appearance, though late, led to the inference that her *noble* son was not in danger.

We have only one remark to offer on this subject. Lord Castlereagh was very properly served, and if all persons who thus presume to insult married or single women whose talents or necessities place them in what is termed the "professional" ranks, received similar castigation, justice would be very properly administered. We give Lord Castlereagh no credit for honorable or chivalric bearing, for although he admitted he insulted a married and virtuous woman, he endeavored to add to his guilt by depriving her husband of life. Had he received the fire of his antagonist, and himself fired in the air, then we should have no hesitation in saying he had done much to atone for his misconduct. It will be a lesson, we trust, to him and to others to avoid similar adventures in future.

Lord Castlereagh is in a "fair way." Bell's Life in London, June 24.

Mr. Macready and Covent Garden Theatre.—We have great pleasure in placing upon record a proof of the manner in which Mr. Macready's recent endeavors to elevate the dramatic art and its professors have been estimated by those whom they most nearly concerned. After the performance of Mr. Knowles' play on Thursday week, a deputation (consisting of Mr. Stanfield, the distinguished painter, Messrs. Harley, Warde, and Meadows,) waited on Mr. Macready, and requested his attendance in the green-room, where the general body of performers had assembled to meet him. On his entrance, Mr. Bartley addressed him in a most impressive speech, and presented him with a very handsome silver salver. Around it were the names of the various performers and others connected with the theatre during the past season (including Mr. Sheridan Knowles, Mr. Stanfield, R. A., Mr. Robertson, Mr. Power, Mr. H. Phillips, &c.,) and upon it the following inscription:—"Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, May 31st, 1838. Presented to W. C. Macready, Esq, by the ladies and gentlemen connected with this establishment, whose names are hereon inscribed, in testimony of their sense of the efforts he has this season made to renew the splendor of the British drama."

The Yellowplush Correspondence.

FORING PARTS.

It was a singlar proof of my master's modesty, that though he had won this handsome sum of Mr. Dawkins, and was inclined to be as extravygant and osntatious as any man I ever seed, yet, wen he determined on going to Paris, he didn't let a single frend know of all them winnings of his, didn't acquaint my Lord Crabs, his father, that he was about to leave his natiff shoars—neigh, didn't even so much as call together his tradesmin, and pay off their little bills before his departure.

On the contry, "Chawles," said he to me, "stick a piece of paper on my door," which is the way that lawyers do, "and write 'Back at seven' upon it."

Back at seven I wrote, and stuck it on our outer oak. And so mistearus was Deuceace about his continental tour (to all excep me), that when the landriss brought him her acount for the last month (amountain, at the very least, to £2 10s.), master told her to leave it till Monday mornin, when it should be proply settled. It's extrodny how ickonomical a man becomes when he's got five thousand lbs. in his pockit.

Back at 7 indeed! At 7 we were a roalin on the Dover Road in the Reglator Coach—master inside, me out. A strange company of people there was, too, in that wehicle,—3 sailors; an Italyin, with his music-pox and munky; a missionary, going to convert the hethens in France; 2 oppra girls (they call 'em figure-aunts), and the figure-aunts' mothers insides; 4 Frenchmin, with gingybread caps, and mustashes, singin, chatterin, and jesticklating in the most vonderful vay. Such compliments as passed between them and the figure-aunts! such a munchin of biskits and sippin of brandy! Such *O mong Jews*, and *O saccrés*, and *kill fay frwaws!* I didn't understand their languidge at that time, so of course can't igsplain much of their conwersation; but it pleased me, nevertheless, for now I felt that I was reely going into foring parts, which, ever sins I had had any edication at all, was always my fondest wish. Heaven bless us! thought I, if these are specimeens of all Frenchmen, what a set they must be. The pore Italyin's munky, sittin mopin and meluncolly on his box, was not half so ugly, and seamed quite as reasonabble.

Well, we arrived at Dover—Ship Hotel—weal cutlets half a ginny, glas of ale a shilling, glas of neagus half-a-crownd, a hap'ny-worth of wax-lites four shillings, and so on. But master paid without grumling; as long as it was for himself, he never minded the expens: and nex day we embarked in the packit for Balong sir mare—which means, in French, Balong, sityouated on the sea. I, who had heard of foring wonders, expected this to be the fust and greatest: phansy, then, my disappintment when we got there, to find this Balong, not sityouated on the sea, but on the *shoar*.

But, oh! the gettin there was the bisniss. How I did wish for Pump Court agin, as we were tawsing abowt in the Channel! Gentle reader, av you ever been on the otion?—"The sea, the sea, the hopen sea!" as Barry Cromwell says. As soon as we entered our little wessel, and I'd looked to master's luggitch and mine (mine was rapt up in a very small hankercher), as soon, I say, as we entered our little wessel, as soon as I saw the waivs, black and frothy, like fresh drawn porter, a dashin against the ribbs of our galliant bark, the keal, like a wedge, a splittin the billoes in two, the sales a flaffin in the hair, the standard of Hengland floating at the mask-head, the steward a gettin ready the basins and things, the capting proudly tredding the deck and givin orders to the salers, the white rox of Albany and the bathin-masheens disappearing in the distans—then, then I felt for the first time the mite, the madgisty of existence. "Yellowplush, my boy," said I, in a dialog with myself, "your life is now about to commens—your carear as a man dates from your entrans on board this packit. Be wise, be manly, be cautious—forgit the follies of your youth. You are no longer a boy now, but a FOOTMAN. Throw down your tops, your marbles, your boyish games—throw off your childish habbits with your inky clerk's jackit—throw up your——"

* * * * * *

Here, I recklect, I was obleeged to stopp. A fealin, in the fust place singlar, in the nex place painful, and at last compleatly overpowering, had came upon me while I was making the abuff speach, and I now found myself in a sityouation which Dellixy for Bids me to discribe. Suffis to say, that now I dixcovered what basins was made for—that for many, many hours I lay in a hagony of exostion, dead to all intence and porpuses, the rain pattering in my face, the salers a tramplink over my body—the panes of purgertory going on inside. When we'd been about four hours in this sityouation (it seamed to me four ears), the steward comes to that part of the deck where we servants were all huddled up together, and calls out, "Charles."

"Well," says I, gurgling out a faint "yes," "what's the matter!"

"You're wanted!"

"Where?"

"Your master's wery ill," says he, with a grin.

"Master be hanged!" says I, turning round more miserable than ever. I woodn't have moved that day for twenty thousand masters—no, not for the Emperor of Russia or the Pop of Room.

Well, to cut this sad subjick short, many and many a voyitch have I sins had upon what Seakespur calls "the wasty deep," but never such a retched one as that from Dover to Balong in the year Anna Domino 1818. Steamers were scarce in those days; and our journey was made in a smack. At last, when I was in such a stage of despare and exostion as reely to phansy myself at Death's doar, we got to the end of our journy. Late in the evening we hailed the Gaelic shoars, and hankered in the arbor of Balong sir Mare.

It was the entrans of Par-owdice to me and master; and as we entered the calm water, and saw the comfrable lights gleaming in the houses, and felt the roal of the vessel degreasing, never was two mortials gladder, I warrant, than we were. At length our capting drew up at the key, and our journey was down. But such a bustle and clatter, such jabbering, such shrieking and swearing, such wollies of of oafs and axicrations as saluted us on landing, I never knew! We were boarded in the fust place by customhouse officers in cock-hats, who seased our luggitch, and called for our passpots: then a crowd of inn-waiters came, tumbling and screaming on deck—"Dis way, sare," cries one; "Hotel Meurice," says another; "Hotel de Bang," screeches another chap—the tower of Bayble was nothink to it. The fust thing that struck me on landing was a big fellow with earrings, who very nigh knock me down in wrenching master's carpet-bag out of my hand as I was carrying it to the hotell. But we got to it safe at last; and for the fust time in my life I slept in a foring country.

I shan't describe this town of Balong, which, as it has been visited by not less (on an avaridge) than two milliuns of English since I fust saw it twenty years ago, is tolrabbly well known already. It is a dingy, melumcolly place, to my mind: the only thing moving in the streets is the gutter which runs down 'em. As for wooden shoes, I saw few of 'em; and for frogs, upon my honor I never see a single Frenchman swallow one, which I had been led to beleave was their reglar, though beastly custom. One thing which amazed me was the singlar name which they give to this town of Balong. It's divided, as every boddy knows, into an upper town (sityouate on a mounting, and surrounded by a wall, or *bullyvar*), and a lower town, which is on the level of the sea. Well, will it be believed that they call the upper town the *Hot Veal*, and the other the *Base Veal*, which is, on the contry, genrally good in France, though the beaf, it must be confest, is exscrabble.

It was in the Base Veal that Deuceace took his lodgin, at the Hotel de Bang, in a very crooked street called the Rue del Ascew; and if he'd been the Archbishop of Devonshire, or the Duke of Canterbury, he could not have given himself greater hairs, I can tell you. Nothink was too fine for us now; we had a sweet of rooms on the first floor, which belonged to the prime minister of France (at least, the landlord said they were the *premier's*); and the Hon. Algernon Percy Deuceace, who had not paid his landriss, and came to Dover in a coach, seamed now to think that goold was too vulgar for him, and a carridge and six would break down with a man of his weight. Shampang flew about like ginger-pop, besides bordo, clarit, burgundy, burgong, and other winds, and all the delixes of the Balong kitchins. We stopped a fortnit at this dull place, and did nothing from morning to night, excep walk on the beach, and watch the ships going in and out of arber, with one of them long, sliding, oppra-glasses, which they call, I don't know why, tallow-scoops. Our amusemens for the fortnit we stopt here were boath numerous and daliteful; nothink, in fact, could be more *pickong*, as they say. In the morning before breakfast, we boath walked on the Peer; master in a blue mareen jackit, and me in a slap-up new livry, both provided with long sliding oppra-glasses, called as I said (I don't know Y, but I suppose it's a scientafick term) tallow-scoops. With these we igsamined, very attentively, the otion, the seaweed, the pebbils, the dead cats, the fishwimin, and the waivs (like little children playing at leap-frog), which came tumbling over 1 and other on to the shoar. It seemed to me as if they were scrambling to get there, as well they might, being sick of the sea, and anxious for the blessid, peaceable *terry-firmy*.

After brexfast, down we went again (that is, master on his beat, and me on mine,—for my place in this foring town was a complete *shinycure*), and puttin our tally-scoops again in our eyes, we egsamined a little more the otion, pebbils, dead cats, and so on; and this lasted till dinner, and dinner lasted till bed-time, when came brexfast, and dinner, and tally-scooping as befoar. This is the way with all people of this town, of which, as I've heard say, there is ten thousand happy English, who lead this plesent life from year's end to year's end.

Besides this, there's billiards and gambling for the gentlemen, a little dancing for the gals, and scandle for the dowygers. In none of these amusements did we partake. We were *a little* too good to play crown pints at cards, and never get paid when we won; or to go dangling after the portionless gals, or amuse ourselves with slops and penny-wist along with the old ladies. No, no, my master was a man of fortun now, and behayved himself as sich. If ever he condysended to go into the public-room of the Hotel de Bang—the French (doubtliss for reasons best known to themselves) call this a sallymanjy—he swoar more and lowder than any one there; he abyoused the waiters, the wittles, and winds. With his glas in his i, he staired at every body. He talked about "My carridge," "My currier," "My servant;" and he did wright. I've always found through life, that if you wish to be respected by English people, you must be insalent to them, especially if you're a sprig of nobillaty. We *like* being insulted by noablemen,—it shows they're familiar with us. Law bless us! I've known many and many a genlmn about town who'd rather be kicked by a lord than not be noticed by him; they've even had an aw of *me*, because I was a lord's footman. While my master was hectoring in the parlor, at Balong, pretious hairs I gave myself in the kitching, I can tell you; and the consequints was, that we were better served, and moar liked, than many pipple with twice our merrit.

Deuceace had some particklar plans, no doubt, which kep him so long at Balong; and it clearly was his wish to act the man of fortune there for a little time before he tried the character at Paris. He purchased a carridge, he hired a currier, he rigged me in a fine new livry, blazin with lace, and he past through the Balong bank a thousand pound of the money he had won from Dawkins, to his credit at a Paris house; showing the Balong bankers at the same time that he'd plenty moar in his portfolio. This was killin two birds with one stone; the bankers' clarks spread the nuse over the town, and in a day after master had paid the money every old dowyger in Balong had looked out the Crab's family podigree in the Peeridge, and was quite intimate with the Deuceace name and estates. If Sattin himself were a Lord, I do beleave there's many vurtuous English mothers would be glad to have him for a son-in-law.

Now, though my master had thought fitt to leave town without excommunicating with his father on the subject of his intended continental tripe, as soon as he was settled at Balong he roat my lord Crabbs a letter, of which I happen to have a copy. It run thus

"*Boulogne, January* 25.

"MY DEAR FATHER,—I have long, in the course of my legal studies, found the necessity of a thorough knowledge of French, in which language all the early history of our profession is written, and have determined to take a little relaxation from chamber reading, which has seriously injured my health. If my modest finances can bear a two month's journey, and a residence at Paris, I propose to remain there that period.

"Will you have the kindness to send me a letter of introduction to Lord Bobtail, our ambassador? My name, and your old friendship with him, I know would secure me a reception at his house; but a pressing letter from yourself would at once be more courteous, and more effectual.

"May I also ask you for my last quarter's salary? I am not an expensive man, my dear father, as you know; but we are no chameleons, and fifty pounds (with my little earnings in my profession) would vastly add to the *agrémens* of my continental excursion.

"Present my love to all my brothers and sisters. Ah! how I wish the hard portion of a younger son had not been mine, and that I could live without the dire necessity for labor, happy among the rural scenes of my childhood, and in the society of my dear sisters and you! Heaven bless you, dearest father, and all those beloved ones now dwelling under the dear old roof at Sizes.

"Ever your affectionate son, ALGERNON.

"*The Right Hon. the Earl of Crabs, &c., Sizes Court, Bucks.*"

To this affeckshnat letter his lordship replied, by return of poast, as follos:

"MY DEAR ALGERNON,—Your letter came safe to hand, and I enclose you the letter for Lord Bobtail as you desire. He is a kind man, and has one of the best cooks in Europe.

"We were all charmed with your warm remembrances of us, not having seen you for seven years. We cannot but be pleased at the family affection which, in spite of time and absence, still clings so fondly to home. It is a sad, selfish world, and very few who have entered it can afford to keep those fresh feelings which you have, my dear son.

"May you long retain them, is a fond father's earnest prayer. Be sure, dear Algernon, that they will be through life your greatest comfort, as well as your best worldly ally; consoling you in misfortune, cheering you in depression, aiding and inspiring you to exertion and success.

"I am sorry, truly sorry, that my account at Coutts's is so low just now, as to render a payment of your allowance for the present impossible. I see by my book that I owe you now nine quarters, or £450. Depend on it, my dear boy, that they shall be faithfully paid over to you on the first opportunity.

"By the way, I have enclosed some extracts in the newspapers, which may interest you; and have received a very strange letter from a Mr. Blewitt, about a play transaction, which I suppose is the case alluded to in these prints. He says you won £4700 from one Dawkins; that that the lad paid it: that he, Blewitt, was to go what he calls 'snacks' in the winning; but that you refused to share the booty. How can you, my dear boy, quarrel with these vulgar people, or lay yourself in any way open to their attacks! I have played myself a good deal, and there is no man living who can accuse me of a doubtful act. You should have either shot this Blewitt or paid him. Now, as the matter stands, it is too late to do the former; and perhaps it would be Quixotic to perform the latter. My dearest boy! recollect through life *you never can afford to be dishonest with a rogue.* Two thousand four hundred pound was a great *coup* to be won.

"As you are now in such high feather, can you, dearest Algernon! lend me five hundred pounds? Upon my soul and honor I will repay you. Your brothers and sisters send you their love. I need not add that you have always the blessings of your affectionate father, CRABS.

"P.S. Make it 550, and I will give you my note of hand for a thousand."

* * * * * *

I neadnt say that this did not *quite* enter into Deuceace's eyedear. His father 500 pounds, indeed! He'd as soon have left him a box on the year! In the fust place, he hadn seen old Crabs for seven years, as that nobleman remarked in his epistol; in the seckND, he hated him; and nex, if master had loved his father ever so much, he loved somebody else better—his father's son, namely: and, sooner than deprive that exlent young man of a penny, he'd have sean all the fathers in the world hangin at Newgat, and all the "beloved ones," as he called his sisters, the Lady Deuceacisses, so many convix at Bottomy Bay.

The newspaper parrowgrafs shewed that, however secret *we* wished to keep the play transaction, the public knew it now full well. Blewitt, as I found after, was the author of the libles which appeared, right and left,—

"GAMBLING IN HIGH LIFE: the *Honorable* Mr. De—c—ce again!—This celebrated whist-player has turned his accomplishments to some profit. On Friday, the 16th January, he won five thousand pounds from a *very* young gentleman, Th—m—s Sm—h D—wk—ns, Esq., and lost two thousand five hundred to R. Bl—w—tt, Esq., of the T—mple. Mr. D. very honorably paid the sum lost by him to the honorable whist-player, but we have not heard that, *before his sudden trip to Paris*, Mr. De—c—ce paid *his* losings to Mr. Bl—w—tt."

Nex came a "Notice to Corryspondents:"

"'Fair Play' asks us if we know of the gambling doings of the notorious Deuceace? WE DO; and in our very next Number propose to make some of them public."

* * * * * *

They didn't appear, however; but, on the contry, the very same newspepper, which had been before so abusiff of Deuceace, was now loud in his praise. It said:

"A paragraph was inadvertently admitted into our paper of last week, most unjustly assailing the character of a gentleman of high birth and talents, the son of the exemplary E—rl of Cr—bs. We repel with scorn and indignation the dastardly falsehoods of the malignant slanderer who vilified Mr. De—ce—ce, and beg to offer that gentleman the only reparation in our power for having thus tampered with his unsullied name. We disbelieve the *ruffian* and *his story*, and most sincerely regret that such a tale, or *such a writer*, should ever have been brought forward to the readers of this paper."

This was satisfactory, and no mistake: and much pleased we were at the denial of this conshentious editor. So much pleased, that master sent him a tenpound noat, and his complymints. He'd sent another to the same address *before* this parrowgraff was printed; why, I can't think: for I woodnt suppose any thing musnary in a littery man.

Well, after this bisniss was concluded, the currier hired, the carridge smartened a little, and me set up in my new livries, we bade ajew to Bulong in the grandest state posbill. What a figger we cut! and, my i, what a figger the postillion cut! A cock-hat, a jackit made out of a cow's skin (it was in cold whether), a pig-tale about 3 fit in lenth, and a pare of boots! Oh! sich a pare! A bishop might almost have preached out of one, or a modrat-sized famly slep in it. Me and Mr. Schwigschnaps, the currier, sate behind in the rumbill; master aloan in the inside, as grand as a Turk, and rapt up in his fine fir-cloak. Off we set, bowing gracefly to the crowd; the harniss-bells jinglin, the great white hosses snortin, kickin, and squeelin, and the postillium cracking his wip as loud as if he'd been drivin her majesty the quean.

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Well, I shant describe our voyitch. We passed seffral sitties, willitches, and metrappolitches; sleeping the fust night at Amigns, witch, as every boddy knows, is famous ever since the year 1802, for what's called the Peas of Amiens. We had some, very good, done with sugar and brown sos, in the Amiens way. But after all the boasting about them, I think I like our marrowphats better.

Speaking of wedgytables, another singler axdent happened here concarning them. Master, who was brexfasting before going away, told me to go and get him his fur travling shoes. I went and toald the waiter of the inn, who stared, grinned (as these chaps always do), said "*Bong*" (which means very well), and presently came back.

I'm blest if he did'nt bring master a plate of cabbitch! Would you bleave it, that now, in the nineteenth sentry, when they say there's schoolmasters abroad, these stewpid French jackasses are so extonishingly ignorant as to call a *cabbidge* a *shoo!* Never let it be said, after this, that these benighted, superstitious, misrable *savidges* are equil!, in any respex, to the great British people! The moor I travvle, the moor I see the world, and other natiums, I am proud of my own, and despise and deplore the retchid ignorance of the rest of Yourup.

* * * * * *

My remark on Parris you shall have by an early opportunity. Me and Deuceace played some curious pranx there, I can tell you. C. Y.

DRURY-LANE THEATRICAL FUND DINNER.

The annual dinner of that excellent institution, the Drury-lane Theatrical Fund, was held at the Freemason's Hall on Saturday, 2d June. The attendance was numerous and highly respectable. Over the chair was an illuminated transparency of the Queen, based by the motto—

"She is the very soul of bounty."

Above it was a copy of Sir Joshua Reynolds' famous picture of "Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy," surmounted by the style and title of the institution, in gold letters—"The Drury-lane Theatrical Fund, incorporated 1777." At the entrance end of the hall were two projections on each side of the door, in which were placed seats, ranged amphitheatrically, filled with ladies, principally of the profession. The Distin family occupied one of the extreme tables: the regular professional gentlemen were in the usual situation, at dinners of this description.

The Earl of GLENGALL, in the absence of the Duke of Sussex, took the Chair.

Among the distinguished individuals present we observed the Earl of Waldegrave, Benjamin Bond Cabbell, Esq., the Hon. A. Ramsey, Mr. Charles Kean, Lieut. D'Aguiller, of the guards, John Rowland Durant Esq., Alexander Grant, Esq., J. Griffiths, Esq., Mr. Matthias (of Philadelphia), and Mr. Styles (also of Philadelphia).

After a Wyckhamist grace had been sung by youths from the Chapel Royal,

The Earl of GLENGALL said, before he proceeded to give the toast of the Sovereign, he should express his regret that circumstances prevented the attendance of the Duke of Sussex—[hear]. It would be a useless waste of time to pass encomiums on her virtues; but he hoped that her reign would be illustrious, and that she would transmit the glories of our free institutions to the latest posterity.

"Our Sovereign the Queen." Drunk with all the honors.

"God save the Queen" was then sung by the professional gentlemen present, by Mr. Templeton and Miss Rainsforth, the company joining in a heartfelt chorus.

The Earl of Glengall then said he had to propose the health of an illustrious lady, who, though in the second position in this country, was second to none in virtue and goodness, "The Queen Dowager of England, and the rest of the royal family." Drunk with all the honors. Glee—"Mark'd your eye."

The Earl of Glengall then gave "The Health of his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex." Though the rest of the royal family had been drunk, he should not consider he was doing strict justice unless he gave the health of his royal highness as a separate toast. If there was a man more anxious than another to help a brother in distress, it was he; and he regretted much, as he was sure all present would do, that illness should be the cause of his absence on this occasion—[cheers]. "The Duke of Sussex." Drunk with all the honors. Prize Glee—"Bacchus, great Bacchus." Evans.

The Earl of Glengall then said he was about to propose one of the standing toasts of the anniversary, always drunk with enthusiasm at their meetings: it was also one of the standing toasts of England, the Army and Navy—[cheers]. It was the army and navy of England which had placed this country on the pinnacle of glory she stood on, and which, he hoped, she would ever occupy. But, in proposing this toast, he would be acting unpardonably if he neglected to couple with it the name of the victor of a hundred fights—[cheers]. He wished the hero soldier was there to hear their plaudits. It would give his great heart a degree of pleasure which he could only have felt when carrying the British flag to the highest pitch of glory—"The Duke of Wellington, and the Army and Navy of England." Drunk with great cheering. Song by Mr. Hobbs—"The Duke," composed by Cooke.

Mr B. B. CABBELL proposed the health of the chairman in a very complimentary speech. It was a cheering sight to see a nobleman of his station devote his talents and time to the encouragement of the drama, and the benefit of its followers, and he hoped the example offered by him, would not be without its happy results. "The Right Hon. the Earl of Glengall." Drunk with the usual honors and great cheering.

The Earl of GLENGALL then rose to thank the meeting for the honor they had done him. He was gratified to receive such a reward for his humble but sincere exertions in the cause of the drama of his country, and that of those who followed it as a profession. The profession had long won his respect and esteem, for he had been long sensible of their various merits. Great changes had taken place within the last twenty years in the prospects of the stage, but he did not think they were for the better, or that they tended to advance our stage towards that pinnacle of glory which it sat on when he was a young man—[hear]. He should, however, always stand up for their rights, as he would for those of any other description of property. The noble lord then made a few observations in defence of the patent theatres, and concluded by again thanking the company—[cheers].

Recitative—"Fatal Goffredo," ed Aris, from Torquato Tasso, by the Distin family. The performance of these talented individuals gave great and general satisfaction.

The Earl of Glengall then said that the next toast he had to propose was the one more immediately connected with the business of the meeting—"The Drury-late Theatrical Fund." It was not his intention to anticipate the statement of the excellent gentleman whose duty it was to lay the prospects of the society before the meeting, but he might be permitted to say that there was no charity in existence more deserving of private as well as public support. In no profession were there a greater number of vicissitudes. It was not in the higher walks of it that charity was needed, but in those humble walks where destitution too often prevailed, and where sympathy was therefore most needed. It was to relieve and assist that class that they were met together that night; and in holding out the hand of fellowship to those unfortunate, it was to be hoped that it would not be an empty one—"The Drury-lane Theatrical Fund, and Mr. Harley."

The toast was responded to by the respectable company present in a manner which did honor to their feelings.

Mr. HARLEY, in returning thanks, said—

"My lords and gentlemen,—Since our last anniversary a national calamity has befallen the land—the death of his Most Sacred Majesty King William the Fourth. Deeply as all good subjects lament the loss of a Monarch endeared to them by his public and private virtues, my poorer brethren have especial cause to mourn, for to them he was a munificent benefactor.

"Yet the hand that deprived us of so honored a patron has placed the diadem upon the head of an illustrious lady, the bright dawn of whose auspicious reign promises a glorious meridian; that while she sways the sceptre of this powerful empire with justice and mercy, she will encourage every patriotic and liberal art, and maintain in their wonted integrity those institutions that have made England the wonder and emulation of the world.

"The Augustan age of Britain belongs to a female Sovereign. With Elizabeth the divine Shakspeare, and the attendant spirits of the elder drama, are proudly associated. The stage, struggling into light, hailed the rising of that sun which shed its mighty lustre over Europe, and, fostered by its rays, exhibited to our ancestors those admirable pictures of life in which 'Virtue saw her own feature, Scorn her own image.' In those days the drama possessed few attractions, save the poet's inexhaustible mind, which poured forth itself in rich abundance: in our own, appropriate scenery and costume have perfected the histrionic art, and completed its illusion. The Bard of Avon, who wrought his wonders in the humbly-appointed theatre of the Elizabethan age, now receives due homage in temples worthy of his fame.

"With these graceful improvements the drama asks your support, as one of the highest intellectual amusements invented by the ingenuity of man. 'Tis a generous participation of enjoyment when thousands, by the 'very cunning of the scene,' are simultaneously moved to tears or laughter. The brave Duke of Marlborough, when told that one of generals had wept at the tragedy of *Cato*, answered, 'He will ne'er fight the worse for it!' and 'tis facetiously said,

'Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt—
But every grin, so merry, draws one out!'

Mine be the congenial task of unloosing the screws! To send you weeping to your beds I leave to others of my brethren, more gentlemanlike and melancholy.

"Why then am *I* selected to plead the cause of public favorites oppressed by old age, infirmity, and adverse fortunes? In truth I am no actor *here*. The jest may be on the lip while the tear is in the eye; the heart may be deeply stricken, while the tongue, more accustomed to the language of mirth, would cheer rather than depress these moments of festivity.

"The applause and glitter of the actor's life is a false criterion by which to judge of its prosperity and happiness. To maintain a well-earned reputation he must always be the same; bodily suffering and mental anguish may not intrude into your presence: he lives to please, and must please to live. Shall the veteran lag superfluous on the scene? Shall *Lear* be—too truly!—'a very foolish, fond old man—fourscore and upward!' or shall a well-timed exit be his crowning triumph, and the hands that applauded his zenith lead him, in its decline to competence and peace?

"This fund was instituted to smooth the down-hill of the actor's life, to provide for its many vicissitudes, and mitigate its many sorrows. That it has done so—that it continues so to do—I might bring proofs that would speak trumpet-tongued in its praise. But what is given with liberality is given in silence. We regard our recipients as brothers and sisters, whose economy and forethought have

entitled them to this provision—not as pensioners, whose only claim is upon our humanity.

"Yet shall delicacy suffer no violence in adducing one example, for death has hushed his cock-crowing cacchination and uproarious merriment. The mortal Jupiter of practical joke—the Michael Angelo of buffoonery—who, if he was *Grim-all day*, he was sure to make you chuckle at night, was rendered happy by your bounty. Yes, sirs, this star of eccentric brilliancy in the laughing hemisphere of fun and drollery—this comical reminiscence of 'Mother Goose,' 'Hot Cockles,' 'Tippitywichet,' and 'Me and My Neddy,' would have set in sorrow but for this institution. You raised his drooping spirit, borne down by domestic calamity; you sustained his sinking frame, prostrated by premature decrepitude, and sheltered him in honorable retirement! Away with the gloom of fanaticism and the cant of hypocrisy, obscuring the bright face of wit and genius! This is true philanthropy, that buries not its gold in ostentatious charity, but builds its hospital in the human heart.

"Some stress has been laid on the presumed decline of the drama; yet, glorious as was the light of former days, the dramatic genius of England is neither shrouded nor eclipsed. The brightest luminaries of the olden time would have hailed the author of *Virginius* as a kindred spirit, and assigned him a distinguished place among those high intelligences who cast a halo around the literature of their country! A clear stage, your favor with *Actors* on two legs, and the Drama never need apprehend a galloping consumption!

"Thus much, by way of rider. As the representative of my brethren, and in the chair of Garrick, I cannot say, with *Mr. Mawworm*, 'I likes to be despised.'

"Other patrons, besides the Monarch we deplore, the past year has taken from us. Their memory lives in our gratitude—and gratitude is the most welcome return we can lavish on a benefactor. This is another stimulus to increased exertions, lest the comforts of your annuitants should be diminished by these lamented visitations.

"The royal donation of one hundred guineas has been most graciously contributed by her Majesty the Queen. May this first offering from her princely hand be twice blessed! May the morning star that has risen with such mild benignity and splendour gather glory as it reaches its meridian, and warm the nations with redoubled ray!

"Indisposition unhappily prevents his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex from presiding at this anniversary. We know his benevolent heart is with us, and take the will for the deed. Be pleased, my lord, to accept our best thanks for your kind attendance—the interests of this fund are safe in your hands while liberality can produce emulation, and eloquence has power.

"Who, then, shall say that the drama is in abeyance, that its professors are unrewarded! Crowded theatres disprove the one assertion; your presence puts to silence the other. To deserve patronage is with you to gain it; and whether it irradiate the actor's successful career, gild with calm sunshine his retirement, or dispense blessings to his widow and children, 'tis readily awarded and amply bestowed; may it continue to keep pace with our wants and enable us to extend the circle of benevolence! Many once-cherished favorites hasten to the closing scene: their fleeting requirements may not be abridged; and new and urgent cleims press upon us, which languish between our ardent desire and our limited means to entertain them. Relieve us from this difficulty. 'Good, my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used!' exclaims that beautiful spirit, from whose divine works we cull 'Flowers of all hues, and without thorn, the rose!' 'Remember that he was a player;' and, remembering that, ask yourselves if ages of munificence can repay the imperishable legacy he has left to mankind!"

Glee—"Blow Gentle Gales" (Bishop), by Miss Rainsforth, Miss B. Hawes, Mr. E. Seguin, Mr. Hawes, and Mr. Hobbs. The beautiful quality of Miss B. Hawes voice, a full *contralto*, appeared to give unbounded delight to the audience. The glee was encored.

The Earl of Glengall then said that he never rose to propose a toast with greater satisfaction than he did the present. In connection with Drury-Lane, the name of Kean—[hear]—would never be forgotten. The last time he sat there the first distinguished performer of that name was present, and it now gave him most heartfelt satisfaction to see his son there to respond to his father's memory. Though fate had deprived the public of that splendid artist, his son still remained. Public opinion had already stamped him as the legitimate successor of his father; the one sustained Drury Lane Theatre, the other would do the same. It was a proud day for Drury Lane that the mantle of the father should fall on the shoulders of the son; and long might he live to entitle himself to the public admiration—[cheers.] "Charles Kean." The toast was drunk with every honor usual on such occasions.

Mr. C. Kean said—"My lords and gentlemen, in rising to express my thanks and grateful acknowledgments for the distinguished honor which you have conferred on me, let me entreat you to receive my feeble and unexpressive language, not as the true index of my feelings, but as the imperfect medium through which I am obliged to convey them. Indeed, the manner in which my name has been proposed to you from the chair, and the flattering manner in which it has been received by you, has quite overpowered me—[cheers]. Gentlemen, many, doubtless, are present who, on similar occasions, in this hall, have heard my father respond to the compliment which your kindness has now conferred on his son, and witnessed the zeal with which he endeavored to promote the interests of this benevolent institution—[loud cheers]. I need not remind you of the unceasing energy with which he labored in its cause, whon holding the situation of its chief officer, which, to the latest hour of his life, was one of his most anxious aspirations. Pardon me, gentlemen, and do not deem me egotistical in boasting of the inheritance of these feelings, which my heart prompts me to devote to the extent of my limited ability, and the best of my endeavors to promote its continued success and prosperity—[cheers].

Song,—"Ah Bella la mia Inamorata" (Lucia de Lammermoor).—Signor Ivanhoff.

The Earl of Glengall then said he had to propose the health of a distinguished author of the present day—(cheers)—of whom it was not necessary to say more than mention his name. He was not only a distinguished author now, but he would be equally so in the best days of the British drama. It was with great satisfaction that he had to propose to them the health of "Sheridan Knowles." Drunk with every demonstration of respect.

Mr. Sheridan Knowles said,—My Lord, I rise to return you my cordial thanks for the very kind manner in which you have been pleased to propose my health, and permit me to say, that I am equally gratified by the enthusiastic response which your call upon the hospitality of the company has produced. The encomiums which have been lavished upon me I fear I do not deserve—I believe I do not merit them; but be that as it may, I am believed to merit them, and that is much, and with that I am satisfied. [Cheers.] Gentlemen, believe me, it is not on selfish grounds that I rejoice in the success of what I have written. On the contrary, I go upon much higher grounds, upon the grounds of that veneration which we all entertain for the immortal, the unequalled, and never-to-be-equalled man whose bust now looks down upon you with something more akin to vitality than anybody of flesh and blood could do. [Tremendous cheers.] For me, gentlemen, the humble laborer in the cause which his genius rendered illustrious in this country, in a degree in which it was never rendered illustrious in any other country, either of ancient or modern times, it is a high honor to be an humble laborer in that cause. Gentlemen, this is a peculiarly delightful meeting. [Cheers.] I have about me—nay, I feel about me—that enthusiastic support which could only proceed from those who are the real friends of the drama. [Cheers.] It has been said, gentlemen, that the drama is declining. The drama declining! Yes; it may decline for a while, but it never can perish—[cheers]—it must resuscitate: it must rise to the highest possible point of eminence, whilst such a meeting as this is congregated to support its cause. [Cheers.] Gentlemen, I cannot conceive a more interesting assembly than the present. I cannot conceive a more interesting cause—[cheers]—than this in which we are engaged. When we consider the objects of this society, when we consider the persons who are drawn together on this occasion, the subject is one which cannot but be highly affecting to every one who is a lover of dramatic literature. It must be recollected that the persons for whose benefit this institution was established are among those who have contributed to render illustrious the names of those who stand highest in the dramatic literature of this country. [Cheers.] How many hearts have those individuals gladdened! How much benefit have they conferred upon others whose cheeks would have been pale—would have been, perhaps, moistened by a rainy eye, notwithstanding that they had contributed to the happiness of thousands and thousands of their fellow creatures. [Loud cheering.] Gentlemen, I am peculiarly happy to see about me men of character and of great talent. I see you, my Lord, before me, who take more pride in your talent than in your hereditary title. My heart is in the drama, gentlemen, but I know nothing of the legitimate or illegitimate drama. [Cheers.] I know nothing but of genius, no matter to what branch of the drama it is directed. [Cheers.] For myself, I have taken absorbing interest in every species of dramatic representation, from the pantomime to the classic, or five-act drama, and I confess that in each I have surrendered myself a child in turn. [Cheers.] Yes, in turn, to everything that appertains to that which is called the drama. I have seen something approaching to poetry even in the gestures of the arena, and I now see at this table a man and genius, who is as much entitled to the public approbation as any man of genius can possibly be. I fear I am trespassing on your patience, gentlemen; but such is the interest which I take in the cause of the drama, that I am confined neither to any particular person nor to any particular establishment. [Cheers.] I have been connected with the Royal Theatre of Drury Lane, I have been connected with the establishment of the Royal Theatre of Covent Garden, and I now see before me old Webster of the Haymarket. [Great cheers and laughter.] Gentlemen, in conclusion, I beg to propose—"Prosperity to the Dramatic Establishment of Drury Lane Theatre."

The Marquis of Donegal then gave—"Prosperity to Drury Lane Theatre."

Mr. Bunn returned thanks, and said that, although he could not hope to redeem himself from loss, he thought he had succeeded in his desire to convince the English public that he wished to afford them the opportunity of saying whether they preferred native to foreign talent. [Cheers.]

Mr. Harley then announced the following donations:—Her Majesty, £105; the Duchess of Kent, £25; his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, £25; the Duke of Bedford, £50; Miss Burdett Coutts, £50; Mr. C. Kean, £20; Lord Waldegrave, £15; Earl Essex, £10; Earl Glengall, £10, annual; Mr. Davidge, £10; Mr. Ducrow, £6; Mr. Leaf, £10 10s.; Durant, £5; B. B. Cabbell, £10 10s.; Robarts, £5 5s.; Griffith, £10 10s. &c.—Nearly £900 in all were collected on the occasion.

The Earl of Glengall then proposed—"The Vice Presidents and the Stewards of the Institution."

M. B. B. Cabbell returned thanks.—Song, by Miss B. Hawes.

The Earl of Glengall then gave the healths of those gentlemen who, for so many years took such an active part in the welfare of Drury Lane Theatre, and to whose labors it was entirely indebted for its present existence. "The General Committee of Drury Lane Theatre." "The Ladies" were proposed, and being drunk with all necessary enthusiasm, the chair was vacated, and the evening concluded.

London Morning Herald.

LONDON TABLE-TALK.

NEW COMPANIES AND THEIR BANKERS.

The circumstance of respectable London banking-houses lending their names to the hundreds of schemes which are now put forth to raise money from the credulity of mankind, tends greatly towards their vast increase. There are numerous companies in embryo, a few of which we will enumerate, with the names of the bankers in connexion with them.

The Green Goose and Michaelmas Goose Company, for the plentiful supply of those delicious birds, which are in such great demand in the spring and autumn. A patent has been obtained for an invention to make geese lay three times the number of eggs as they do generally, and the company are erecting an establishment to carry into effect a new principle of hatching the young. It may be regarded as the only company in which the Directors can count their brood before they are hatched, and it is expected most confidently that they will discover the goose that lays gold-en eggs. Bankers—*Gosling & Co.*

The Ice Cream and Summer Weather Company, to insure an abundant supply of ice during the summer months, and to render the weather during the dog-days cool and refreshing. It is trusted that this project will not meet with a cold reception. Bankers—*Snow & Co.*

The Generating Colonization Company, for the purpose of populating the new colonies without having recourse to vast and indiscriminate emigration. It is very certain that the new colonies have not increased in the number of inhabitants in proportion to the number of settlers who have gone out; and the view of the company will be to select only such persons as will advance the Divine injunction. Bankers—*Child & Co.*

The East India Cooking Company, for the purpose of providing the delicacies of a nabob's table at a reasonable rate. The principles of the genuine cookery of the East are so little understood and appreciated in this country, that such a company must be considered a great desideratum. Bankers—*Curries & Co.*

The Genuine Joey Company, for a constant and steady supply of the coin of fourpence, spurious imitations of which are now in such immense speculation. This fact, combined by the agitation lately made in Parliament, in order to obtain a return of the quantity which has been issued from the Bank; and also the public complaint of the supply being wholly inadequate, will bring the Genuine Joey Company into great note. Bankers—*Grote & Co.*

The Unfortunate Female Protection Company, for the purpose of carrying out more speedily and effectually the views of the Magdalen Society. When it is stated that the Managing Director of this Company will be Sir Robert Gill, we may safely calculate on the most virtuous results. The mode of proceeding to be adopted by the company will be to convince the moral portion of the sex by the means of the danger and impropriety of wandering voluntarily from the paths of virtue, and of listening to the seductive blandishments of the profligate. Their repentance and return to virtue will be delightful. Bankers—*Hoare & Co.*

The Productive Orchard Company, for the purpose of supplying the metropolis with the necessary quantity of fruit, and for the cultivation of orchards in the immediate vicinity of the metropolis. As it is universally allowed that sound and ripe fruit is very conducive to health, this company may be opposed by medical men, undertakers, the Cemetery Companies, grave diggers and others, but there cannot be a doubt but that the support of the Government will be obtained. The bills of mortality will be decreased one-half. Bankers—*Pares & Co.*

The Ninon de L'Enclos Anti-age Company, for the purpose of preserving life and beauty to the age of the celebrated Ninon. This will, in reality, be a life insurance company: and a plan is in contemplation for the effectual prevention of suicides, murders, and accidental deaths. Bankers—*Young & Co.*

London Satirist.

The Electrical Lady.—The animal magnetic doctors will now be superseded by an electrical lady, an account of whom has very appropriately appeared in *Silliman's Journal*. We are told that it was at the appearance of the Northern lights she was first highly charged, and has continued since to give off electrical sparks and to cause a shock to every conductor. It is further mentioned that "the state most favorable to this phenomenon is a warm atmosphere, moderate exercise, and social enjoyment," and that "it disappears on the atmosphere approaching zero." She has the power also of "charging others," without diminishing her electrifying qualities. She is capable of giving a good shock every five minutes, and she describes "the sensations produced as rather pleasurable than otherwise." Such a female phenomenon as this would excite considerable sensation in certain circles here, and we have no doubt that the "social enjoyment" she would receive, and which is so conducive to her electrifying powers, would be of a very extensive sort. We have, however, some few ladies among us already charged to a considerable degree.

London Age.

The critic of the *Chronicle*, who is, by many degrees, more profound than any body else, asserts of M. Alexandre's personation of a hump-backed man at the "Colosseum, that it was with the face, the motion, and, above all, the *voice* of a hump-back." There are, then, tones, we presume, peculiar to hump-backed men, which are in some way or other connected with their deformity. We marvel, however, that Shakspeare, who enumerated all the peculiarities, mental and personal, of the "crook'd-back tyrant," should have omitted to make mention of his voice.

The number of ladies who have of late crowded the giraffe-house in the gardens in the Regent's-park, have excited much attention; and we think it right to explain the cause. The female is declared to be in an interesting situation, and the medical attendant upon the animal, Mr. Youatt, is constantly at his post in company with the midwife, Mr. Vigors. Mr. Youatt lectures every morning at the bed-side of his patient, to the great satisfaction of his feminine audience: he treats his subject with the greatest delicacy and minuteness, and the birth of the precious little animal is looked for with much anxiety.

Gully is not the only eminent ex-pugilist extant; he must be content henceforth to share that honor with "Jack Langan," Spring's quondam opponent, now "John Langan, Esq.," who has made a fortune in the public line at Liverpool. Jack Langan is now a great man, and may in time be as great as Gully himself. The road to greatness through the ring is certainly beset with many obstacles, but we have proof in these two "eminent individuals" that it is not impassable. We have not heard whether Langan aspires after legislative honors. Gully has experienced this pleasure, and found it to be vanity and vexation of spirit. Langan may do the same if he happen to have a fancy for a seat in the House.

Cecil Forester voted the other evening in full ball-room dress, having to attend her Majesty's ball after leaving the House. Lady Charleville, whose pupil Cecil has been, always taught him that costume was of little consequence in comparison with principles. Her ladyship frequently exemplified this, by consenting to receive him at her lectures in an "undress."

A person announces himself as "chiropœdist to the royal family, and to the *Prime Minister* of her Majesty." We thence infer that Lord Melbourne is annoyed by those troublesome excrescences which are apt to impede the "pilgrim's progress" (*bunions*) through this vain and transitory world. As a public man, his lordship is bound to take some steps to eradicate the nuisance; this is the kind of *corn*-law that is required, and would enable us to set at defiance even the inconvenience of the *stamp* act. Lord Melbourne, we should have imagined, was rather more vulnerable at the heel than at the toes, judging from the manner in which the Tories "tread upon his kibes" whilst meandering through the devious passages of Downing Street.

There are some portions of the biography of Wilberforce which have much entertained us. He tells us that on the day of his marriage, he went to visit Hannah More, and the journal says he had "a delightful day and sweet ride;" and while there on one occasion, having visited some neighboring village, he writes, "home early at night: a pleasant drive." After the expiration of the first week he condemns himself for "not being duly diligent." As Mr. Wilberforce was always a very punctual and precise man, we may presume that these particulars are quite correct.

The best thing said on the union of Sir Charles Doyle with Mrs. Steer, came from the lips of Tom Duncombe, who, on hearing of the marriage, remarked that Sir Charles might make a very good *Steer's* man; "but," concluded Tom, "from all that I have heard he understands very little about *reefing*, and less about the duty *below*."

The prominent members of the Zoological Society are persons of no inconsiderable importance in their own opinion. They hold periodical meetings to display their devotion to science and their love of natural history. At the meeting last week, there was an amazing muster in order to behold an extraordinary presentation from a Mr. Yarrel. The grand object of attraction was an anchovy, which had been caught among some white bait off Blackwall. A long discussion ensued, when it was afterwards discovered that the anchovy was a pickled one! What a glorious naturalist is Mr. Yarrell! He will soon be catching red herrings below bridge.

THE SCARLET-RUNNER IN A FIX.

"Evans in Spain from many a battle ran,"
Cried the ill-fated Legion to a man.
"Peace, knaves," replied Sir George, "the tale's untrue;
I did *not* run, so help me Bob! I *flew*."

The stock of wines, "belonging to a Marquis," advertised to be sold, do not, we are assured, belong to the Marquis of Blandford; that illustrious individual makes it a rule never to sell an article that can be so *taste*-fully disposed of another way.

Foresters *at home's* have commenced for the season, Beaufort being among the most distinguished visiters. Forester and the Duke, seeking high fame as equestrians, are said to practice in the same private riding school which is maintained at the sole expense of the noble Duke, who generously finds room for his friend, there being, or report lieth, abundant space for both!

MRS. TALFOURD TO THE SERGEANT.

Go no more among players, dear Tommy—you see
They are all that our dear worthy pastor declares;
Give Mac and his vagabond host up for me,
And return to your spiritual duty and prayers.

"I am not so old after all," said Lord Rolle to his lady. "I do not know, Lord John Rolle, what you mean by not being old, I have never been afforded any proof of your being otherwise than old, and *very old* too," rejoined the Bicton dame with unusual emphasis.

"Lord Rolle," said a friend to his lady, "must have exposed himself through life to very little excitement to have reached so great an age." "You are right," rejoined her ladyship, "I have never seen him *excited* from the first hour of our union." The friend affected great astonishment at hearing this!

The Four-in-Hand Club.—On Saturday the first general meeting of the Four-in-Hand Club took place, and it is understood that Saturday will be the club day during the season. Upwards of 40 noblemen and gentlemen met at Chesterfield House, and started for Topham's Royal Hotel, Richmond, headed by his lordship, who is deemed their "chief." The procession was alike novel and interesting, and did very great credit to the taste of the managers. The scene at Richmond was very gay and imposing, and the dinner was of the most sumptuous kind. The following are the members of the club, and each subscriber is allowed to introduce three friends, except "the chief," who takes as many as he pleases:—

Lord Chesterfield

Lord Alford	Mr. Villebois	Count D'Orsay
Duke of Beaufort	Hon. Captain Pitt	Sir Vincent Cotton
Lord Macdonell	Mr. Jones	Mr. Lewis Ricardo
Lord Suffield	Col. Copeland	Mr. Wellesley
Lord Aboyne	Mr. Geo. Payne	Lord Alfred Paget
Lord Cranstoun	Hon. Mr. Villiers	Hon. Mr. M'Donald
Lord Jocelyn	Count Bathyany	Mr. Percy Williams.

There were 15 splendid carriages and four, and the horses were of the first class. It was said at Richmond that Lord Chesterfield had realised £12,000 by the "Oaks" races. He was exceedingly well received, and the evening passed very pleasantly.

THE CUTEST TRICK YET.

The following trick to raise a good bottle of wine free gratis for nothing, is the "cap cheaf" of all the pieces of impudence we have heard of lately. In the present instance a genteel looking loafer entered a store in this city, where he knew they had a splendid article in the shape of wine, and at a time when he knew the master had gone to dinner, and nobody but a small boy left in attendance. Entering with all the importance of a regular wholesale dealer, our loafer commenced with

"Is Mr. ——— in?"

"No, sir—he's just stepped out—gone to dinner, sir."

"What time do you expect him back, boy?"

"Not short of an hour, sir; it generally takes him about an hour to eat his dinner."

"Not under an hour! Well, I'm told Mr. ———, has a fine specimen of old Madeira. He told me to call and taste it, but as he isn't in and I am in something of a hurry, I wish you would bring out a bottle as a sample, and I'll see what it is."

"Yes, sir," said the boy, who immediately brought forth a bottle of the pure old stuff itself. The loafer took the wine, held it up to see its quality, and color drew the cork, took a small sip, smacked his lips, and enquired

"Boy, have you any ice?"

"No sir; we never keep any."

"Never mind, it's about cool enough. Any thing in the shape of crackers and cheese about? They help to get a correct idea of the wine."

"Nothing of the kind, sir."

"All the same thing—I believe I had some in my pocket. I always carry them with me when I am out purchasing," at the same time taking out a paper of the above mentioned articles and commencing munching and drinking. "This is a delicious article; what does your master ask for it?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Don't know, eh? Got much of it?"

"Considerable."

"Well," said the new sample of the Diddler tribe as he finished his crackers and cheese and the last of the old Madeira, "Well, I should like the lot. Just inform Mr. ———, that a gentleman called and examined his wine and has a very favorable opinion of what little he has seen of it. Good afternoon."

"Say, hadn't you better wait until Mr. ——— comes in? He'll be along shortly."

"No, I'm in something of a hurry now, but will call again." So saying, the loafer departed; it is needless to say he has not been seen since.

N. O. Picayune.

AFFECTED DEAFNESS.

A stranger dismounted at the door of the —— Hotel, and gave his horse to the officious waiter. The barkeeper opened the register to take his name.

"You are right," said he, "a single room would be more agreeable," and he walked into the supper-room to which the crowd of boarders was pressing. The barkeeper ran after him, screaming in his ear—

"What name did you say?"

"Thank you," replied the traveller, "I can find the way—don't give yourself any trouble."

On his return into the bar-room, a waiter took up his saddle-bags, and told the deaf stranger he would show him to his chamber.

"My friend, who will spend the evening with me, prefers pale sherry," said he, "you may send up a bottle and a few cigars."

"I did not," said the barkeeper, "exactly understand your name."

"I think a little ice *would* improve the wine," was the answer; "and now I think of it, you may put the bottle in a wine cooler."

His friend now joined him, and they walked to his room together. The deaf lodger patronised the house to the extent of another bottle before he slept. The waiter who brought it up ventured once more to enquire his name.

"Nothing more," said the deaf man, "except a slice of cold ham, a pickle, and a little bread and cheese."

The next morning after breakfast, when the stranger's horse was at the door, he asked for his bill. He was told it was six dollars and three quarters. "You are very kind," said he, "I had expected to pay you; but if this is your custom, to charge nothing for the first visit, you shall lose nothing by it—all my friends in Spongeville will certainly give you at least one call when they come into the city. Good morning."

"I would thank you to pay your bill before you go," screamed the barkeeper.

"I am obliged to you," said the deaf gentleman, "I can put them on;" and he took up his saddle-bags and departed. As he mounted, the bystanders began to laugh immoderately at the awkward embarrassment which afflicted the barkeeper, who was in despair while he bawled after the delinquent, who continued bowing and repeating his assurances that he would certainly remember the accommodations, civility, and liberality of the house, and recommend it to all his friends who might pass through the city. The gentleman who so well affected deafness won the wager he had staked on the success of his scheme, and paid his bill the next time he visited the city.

Howl, howl, ye winds! Scream, scream, ye hawks!

A Powerful Production.—A wag of an editor at the South, in noticing a "tale of love and woe," which some lackadaisical fledgling sent to him, with a request that he would publish it in his "valuable paper," says that the reading of the first chapter of the love-sick story placed him in that peculiarly unpleasant state in which some people find themselves after swallowing *rather too small* a dose of ippecac; but less than half of the second chapter entirely relieved him of his disagreeable sensations—it was more potent than even lobelia. Sickly sentimentalists be encouraged—ye labor not in vain!

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 28, 1838.

GENERAL MIRABEAU B. LAMAR.

Whenever we happen to hear, and it is by no means seldom, of Texian politics, and the prospects of the candidate for successor to Gen. HOUSTON, our blood mounts with the joy we feel, to learn that our long tried and gallant friend, Gen. MIRABEAU B. LAMAR, has every prospect of obtaining a most triumphant vote over all competitors. As ardent well-wishers to the cause of Texian independence and Texian glory, we congratulate that infant republic, and its friends in our own country, on the prospect of an occurrence so auspicious.

Few individuals possess the same requisites for fulfilling with honor and popularity, the duties devolving on the chief magistrate of a people, whose elements are composed of the enterprising, the reckless, the bold, the restless, the valiant—the wily adventurer and the frugal planter—the watchful speculator and the chivalric soldier. In fact, Gen. Lamar is himself a pretty fair epitome of his countrymen, for we have never known an individual who combined in his own character so great a variety of qualities, and many of such opposite tendencies. We have long known him, and most intimately, and we do not believe a single shade of character is concealed from us.

Gen. Lamar is a native of Georgia, and belongs to that extensive family of the same name scattered throughout the State. His youth was characterised by many of those eccentricities which have more or less distinguished his later years, and again and again has he made us merry with the recital of the strangest freaks of boyhood. His father was one of those stern, inflexible men, that distinguished themselves by their integrity of conduct during the prevalence of measures in the Georgia Legislature, which had well nigh cast a blot on the escutcheon of the State. With such an example of firmness and honesty before him, the son was early imbued with the most punctilious sense of honor and high mindedness.

On reaching the first years of manhood, he exhibited three opposite phases of character, which are seldom combined in the same individual—a burning thirst for military glory—a devoted and successful worshipper of the muse of poetry, and the most uncompromising and enthusiastic politician in his State. The indulgence of the first was hardly possible in a time of profound peace, and it effervesced in the meagre honors of some militia distinctions. His love of literature and poesy was more easily indulged in, and many were his contributions to the leading journals of the day, for which he obtained the meed of praise so grateful to the mind of youth. But it was as a politician that he became most conspicuous in Georgia. Having been for many years the confidential secretary of Gov. TROUP, he was deeply impressed with the value of those lofty principles on all political subjects, which have rendered that distinguished statesman the model and admiration of his party.

Thus imbued he frequently represented his fellow citizens in the State legislasure, and was among the most eloquent and active leaders of the State Rights party. He was afterwards a candidate for Congress, on an independent ticket, running opposition to both parties, and had the satisfaction, though defeated, of learning how extensive was his personal popularity throughout his native State. At this period the subject of colonizing Texas began to occupy the attention of Southern capitalists, and the tide of immigration was just beginning to move in that direction. With a view of inspecting the country and learning its resources, Gen. Lamar employed a year in traversing it in all directions, and after encountering serious hardships, and many most singular adventures, he returned to Georgia, and was partially influential in inducing those adventurous spirits to leave their native state who afterwards were sacrificed in cold blood to the ruthless vengeance of SANTA ANNA. On the occurrence of this event Gen. Lamar, hitherto a traveller only, joined the Texian army as a volunteer, with the hope of avenging his slaughtered friends and countrymen. The day previous to the battle of San Jacinto, Lamar, though merely a private, distinguished himself by an extraordinary feat of personal prowess and daring in the presence of the army. Such was the effect of this manifestation of courage and gallant bearing that, on the succeeding day, when on the very eve of that most remarkable and decisive battle, Lamar was demanded by the acclamation of the soldiery, to command the cavalry. Their request was granted by Gen. Houston, and the event of that victory evinces the spirit and intrepidity of those whose admiration he had so fully won. The horse led the charge, and in seventeen minutes the entire Mexican army was routed, and dreadful was the vengeance that day taken for the murders at Alamo. Subsequently, under BURNET's administration, Lamar was created General and Secretary of War, and when the Texian government went into operation under the Constitution, he was elected Vice President of the Republic. This situation he now holds, and is the most conspicuous candidate for the next Presidency, an office singularly enough limited to the period of two years.

Thus we have given a hurried sketch of the outlines of the career of one occupying a conspicuous position at the present moment before the eyes of those interested in the future destiny of Texas. We have been induced to this, partly from our knowledge of and partiality for the individual likely to exercise a most important influence on the measures hereafter to be pursued in that country, and partly because we apprehend his character has not been duly appreciated by those who would gladly render justice to one with whom the independence and glory of Texas is intimately associated, and whose ability to govern is about to be submitted to the test of experience.

Gen. Lamar, in the first place, stands before his countrymen with a character totally untarnished. His courage is cool and indomitable, and his every action regulated by the most inflexible honesty. His personal habitudes have distinguished him from boyhood by their freedom from those practices which often prostrate the most soaring intellects, and so anomalous is his sobriety, that we cannot refrain stating the fact, that he never drank a glass of wine or spirits in his life. Endowed with a lively imagination and quick passions, and gifted beyond most men with an exuberance of language, he is naturally an eloquent and impassioned orator. His enthusiastic love of freedom and equal rights is tempered by experience and the honest desire of leaving an imperishable name in the annals of the youngest of American Republics. Frank and above-board in the expression of his opinion, he is equally firm and unmoved in his resolution to maintain them. Gentle in manners, amiable in disposition, and generous to a fault, he is of course the favorite of his friends and acquaintances. Educated in that school of American politics of which JEFFERSON was the founder, and having diligently watched the operation of measures springing therefrom, he is thoroughly imbued with those principles of patriotism and political economy which form the elements of the creed of every party in this country presuming to claim for itself the name of Republican. Such is the character of the man whom those best acquainted with Texian politics think will soon be called to exercise the executive power of that Republic.

On the change of the administration a most important question will present itself for the consideration and immediate decision of the executive and the people of Texas. It is hardly understood in this section of our country, that Mexico has by no means acknowledged the independence of Texas, nor renounced the scheme of again reducing her to her former state of dependence. But in Texas it is well known that the French blockade of her harbors has alone prevented Mexico from making a descent on the Texian coast this very Spring, and that it is a darling scheme of the Mexican authorities to recover their lost province and wipe out the disgrace of their former campaign. The question then is whether the seeming inevitable war shall be defensive or offensive on the part of Texas. On this question the people and friends of Texas are divided,—indeed this is the only great political question dividing the two parties. Those favouring a defensive war policy, believe there is little chance that Mexico will shortly attack them, and in case she does, that they are sufficiently strong to defend their domain. They are disposed to to take the chances of war, and proceed in their government and urge on the settlement of the country as though peace was confirmed by treaty. Make no effort to enlarge their present boundaries, conciliate their enemies, and keeping in readiness a small nucleus for an army, and increasing their navy, to rely on their continual accession of strength, and the anarchy and imbecility of Mexico for ultimate success.

This policy meets a warm opposition from the advocates of an energetic offensive war policy. They argue that Texas, as she now is, and unaided, will find it difficult to continue a war with Mexico, and that she cannot now expect assistance from the States, either to prolong or terminate a mere war of *defence*. There are presented no inducements to go to her assistance: there are no conquests to be made, no enterprise to stimulate the ardor of ambition. That Mexico will never renounce the idea of recovering her lost province until she discovers that Texas has acquired such an accession of strength that success is hopeless, and that to provoke her farther would endanger her own existence. They, therefore, propose immediate offensive operations—in fact, "to carry the war into Africa,"—to take possession of all that extensive region laying north of a line running due west from the mouth of the Colorado to the Gulf of California, and to erect this now almost depopulated and deserted country into a grand Republic. They believe that such an enterprise will enlist in its favor a force sufficient to accomplish its achievement, and that the very existence of Texas as an independent Republic depends on her presenting such inducements to come to her rescue as will ensure to her the ability to contend with an implacable enemy. They contend that peace with Mexico is out of the question,—that since their arguments are exhausted, they must stand by their arms,—that there are neither principles of justice, law, nor reason to forbid Texas availing herself of her peculiar attitude, and seize the present occasion to secure to herself the acquisition of this important territory. They say that this broad section of country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, will ultimately secure to Texas the trade of the East Indies;—that there are no impediments to the construction of a direct water communication from the navigable waters of the Colorado to the rivers emptying into the Pacific, compared with those surmounted in the construction of the Grand Erie Canal,—that the range of the Rocky mountains sinks away to a mere prairie, and that throughout the whole distance the country is well watered, and the land rich in fertility, and abounding in mines of the precious metals.

Such, we understand, are the views entertained by the two parties in Texas, though we may have omitted many of the arguments by which they are sustained on both sides.

We are uninformed which of these measures Gen. Lamar is likely to advocate, but that one of them will be immediately entered on by the next administration is obvious Whatever course may be adopted, it will bring into requisition all the energy and firmness of the Chief Magistrate, and, if it be the offensive war policy, all the military talent within the limits of the Republic. We shall be solicitous to hear the result of the election, and the prevailing sentiments of the people, for until the future policy of Texas is permanently settled, no prudent planter, or family, can safely leave the States to encounter the vicissitudes of war, or at best, the danger of impending invasion.

Our hopes and our warmest aspirations are for the election of the brave, the eloquent, the honest LAMAR, confident that whichever policy he adopts, he will bring to its execution the ability of a statesman, and if blows must come, he will be found where they fall heaviest and thickest.

ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES.

Foot Race for $500.—On Monday last a Foot race came off over the Centreville (L. I.) Trotting Course, for $250 a-side, JOHN VAN NOSTRAND alias "*Mutton John*," being backed to run Ten Miles in Seventy Minutes. Van Nostrand won cleverly, with 38 seconds to spare, running the 10 miles in 69:22. He ran the 10th mile in 5:58; at the end of the eight and a half miles, he was 10 seconds behind time.

Match for $1000 *a-side*.—The readers of this paper may remember the sparring which took place some months since between the owners of *Lavina Rudd* and *Ann Barrow*, and which finally terminated in a match for $1000 aside. Here is the result:—

Beans Station (Tenn.) *Course*, July 4, 1838—Match, $1000 a-side, Mile heats.

Col. John McGhee's b. f. *Ann Barrow*, by Cock of the Rock, (dam omitted,) 3 yrs..	1	1
Col. James Scruggs' s. m. *Lavina Rudd*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Betsey Epps by Timoleon, 5 yrs.....	2	2

Won handily—Lavina the favorite at large odds.

Messrs. WM. R. BARROW and THOS. J. WELLS, of Louisiana, will come out this Fall with stronger stables than have ever been owned in that State. A letter from Nashville informs us that Col. WATSON has in training at Alexandria, for Mr. Wells, no less than twelve, including Linnet, Extio, The Poney, Catherine Barry, Exotic, Lantaro, and several young ones. Mr. JOHN W. TISDALE, (late trainer for Farris and Davenport, in Kentucky,) will have charge of Mr. Barrow's string at St. Francisville, and from all we can hear, it will be a crowder, headed as it is by *Josh. Bell* and *Pressure*.

A distinguished Alabama turfman (who is also engaged in breeding), writes that the warm feeling in favor of the turf is fast increasing in that section. He resides in one of the new counties in that State, in which are settled half-a-dozen spirited Virginians, who still entertain all their characteristic devotion to fine horses. How could it be otherwise when three of them are named TAYLOE, BRANCH, and JOHNSON? The extraordinary performances of *Boston*, his half brother, combined with his own merit, must make *Robin Brown* a favorite stallion; those our correspondent has seen look very fine and race-like.

Imported Leviathan.—An experienced breeder of Alabama, who is breeding to his own horse, writes in the following terms of a rival:—"Since the New Orleans races I think more highly of the *Leviathan* Stock. From properly bred mares of the right sort, he must produce racers of the first order, combining *lastingness* with speed."

Races Changed.—The Club at Culpeper Court House, Va., have changed the time of their Fall races from the 25th of Sept., to the 3d Monday the 17th of that month.

Quarter Race for $1000.—A letter from Marengo County, Ala., gives us the following particulars of a good one:—"There was a 540 yards race run in my neighborhood the other day, between *Bullet-Neck* and a grey colt from Georgia, which the former won by fifteen feet. The original stakes were $1000 a-side, but the parties, just before the start, "went it with a perfect looseness," betting money, horses, corn, cows, calves, and hogs, reserving only twenty dollars to pay their bills. They ran the distance in 29 seconds, Bullet-Neck carrying 140lbs. to 75—a large disparity in weights."

The Fall meeting at Columbus, Miss., is expected to be a grand affair; several strong stables are expected from a distance, and the Mississippians calculate strongly upon the running of *John Anderson* and *Narcissa Parish*.

HENRY A. TAYLOE, Esq., of Macon, Ala., trains a very promising lot this Fall, comprising Hortense, Zelina, Maria Black, Pactolus, Rhinodino, Tom Thurman, Oakley, Costive, Bob Logic, Ned Johnson, and Czarina.

We have to express our special acknowledgments to several distinguished Officers of our gallant Army and Navy for their generous and constant attention to the interests of this paper; no class of men in the country appear to have its success more at heart, and we are not only greatly indebted to them for extending its circulation, but for their excellent contributions to its columns. They are generally partial to field sports, and excel in all, while their fondness for the turf, and devotion in its support, is characteristic of their chivalrous profession in this country and in Europe.

LUCIUS J. POLK, Esq., of near Mount Pleasant, Tenn., has sold one half of his imported 2 yr. old filly by Stumps, out of Variella, sister to Voltaire, to a gentleman in his neighborhood, for $1000. She is in training, but will not come out until next Spring.

Imported Hedgeford.—Since *Duane's* splendid run on the Beacon Course, an offer of $6000 has been made and refused for *one half* of *Hedgeford*. He is said to have a fine lot of young things coming on.

Our Country friends must not confound this paper with a *political* daily lately issued in Philadelphia, called "The Spirit of the Times." Its publishers deserve lynching for robbing us of our "good name," though it has, no doubt, inspirited them to make it the smartest little sheet in that city.

The citizens of Sumpter County, Ala., have a beautiful track near Livingston, which is named the *Picton* Course, and aught really to encourage their enterprising young proprietor (JOHN J. JEWELL) for his efforts in making a track in the woods, literally converting a forest into a field of sport. We understand there will be races at Selma this Fall; that wealthy neighborhood ought to give fine purses. The Greensborough races commence as usual on the last Tuesday in Oct.

Rifle Shooting Sweepstakes.—We see by the Baltimore "Commercial Transcript" that a Sweepstakes for Rifle Shooters has been opened by KENDALL, to come off over his course on the 1st Wednesday, 7th of Nov. next. The terms are $100 each subscruption, P. P.; five entries or more to make it binding on subscribers; distance to be 100 yards, with a rest, or 60 yards off hand, at the option of the shooter—(100 with a rest has always been considered equal to 60 yards off-hand)—to shoot ten balls each, to measure with string-measures; any subscriber can either shoot for himself, or get another person to shoot for him, provided, however, he shoots but one chance. Entries to be made with Mr. James B. Kendall, before the 1st of Sept.

Challenge to the Georgia Aquatic Club.

To the Editor of the Spirit of the Times. NEW YORK, July 27, 1838.

SIR,—We saw, some time since, a challenge in your paper, from the Georgia Aquatic Club, to row a match for the sum of Ten Thousand Dollars. We, the undersigned, will row against the Georgia Aquatic Club, with a boat not to exceed thirty-five feet in length, manned by five men, the coxswain included, for the sum of Five Thousand Dollars. We will also row them a match for Five Thousand Dollars with a twenty-five foot boat, to be rowed by two men; or we will row them one match for the whole amount. Please direct to No. 258 Fulton-street, New York, stating particulars as to the match, or referring us to some person in this city authorised to make the match.

Note.—The names of the parties offering this match are left with the Editor.

NATIONAL SWEEPSTAKES OF $10,000 EACH!

BATESVILLE (Arks.) June 30, 1838.

My dear P.,—The extraordinary performances of *Boston*, *Duane*, *Balie Peyton*, *Decatur*, and *Charles Carter*, throw the "good uns" of 1837 perfectly in the shade. Less than 7:50 is no time. It was good for the purse in olden times.

Black Maria has fallen into BALIE PEYTON's hands. This is as it should be—Balie will do justice to the old lady.

I propose the following stake, free for any and everything, $10,000 entrance, P. P. Entries to be made by States, and the horse to belong to a citizen of the State from which he is entered, on the 1st day of July, 1838—to come off over the Washington City Course on the day before the regular Spring meeting of 1839.—3 or more to make a race—to name at the starting post. Although $10,000 may seem a large sum, yet when you reflect how many will go snacks, it will be a small matter. The Proprietor of the course will give $1000, which should go to the second best horse. Who will enter?

The Old Dominion—for she has Boston, Fanny Wyatt, Balie Peyton, Steele, and others.

New York has lots of good uns.

New Jersey has Duane, a host within himself.

South Carolina and Georgia—Col. HAMPTON resides in the former State, and the owner and trainer of Bascombe in the latter.

Maryland has some good things—and does not Wagner belong to her?

Mississippi and Louisiana have Sarah Bladen, Linnet, Fanny Wright, Mad Anthony, and Josh Bell.

Tennessee has some Bulgers—and Old Kentucky never did back out.

Entries to be made with the Editor of the *Spirit of the Times*, on or before the 1st day of January, 1839,—at which time, if the race is made, arrangements can be entered into about the stake.

I would further propose a stake for all ages, to come off the second Spring meeting, 1839, of the Long Island Club—entrance $2500, P.P.—four or more to make a race—to close 1st Jan. 1839—to name at the starting post—a single dash of Four miles. Entries to be made as in the first race.

It is strange that we have had no well-contested match, excepting the one between John Bascombe and Post Boy. Bascombe distanced Argyle—Linnet distanced Angora—Rodolph distanced Angora—Sarah Bladen distanced the Lusborough filly, and Decatur distanced Fanny Wyatt. In every case it has been the consequence of *bad condition*, except the slipping of Angora's saddle. Why do men start their horses out of order when they know their friends have immense sums staked on them.

We have a fine prospect for sport this Fall.

Volcano served about *seventy mares*. He will go to Missouri the next season, to supply Tom Fletcher's place, who will be brought here.

Truly yours, N.

ALABAMA vs. GEORGIA.

A correspondent of this paper, in the number for the 30th June, alluded to a banter that had been made by Georgia to Alabama, through the "Sentinel and Herald," at Columbus, in that State, in which Georgia offered to run a horse now owned in that State against any horse now owned in Alabama, Four mile heats, for $5,000 or $10,000! Our correspondent is known to us personally, but we have no knowledge of the author of the challenge in the Columbus paper to which he refers. The Georgia banter provided that the race should come off over the "Western Course," at Columbus, on the Monday preceding the regular Fall meeting. An anonymous correspondent, in a letter postmarked "Benton, Ala." makes the subjoined reply.—

DALLAS COUNTY, (Ala.) July 6, 1838.

Mr. WILLIAM T. PORTER, *Editor*.—I see a banter made by some person in Georgia, saying that that State will run against Alabama at the next Fall meeting at this place, for $5000 a-side, the horse to be named at the starting-post—or in other words, a horse now owned in Georgia will be run against any horse now owned in Alabama, on the Monday preceding the Fall meeting over the Western Course, Georgia, which will take place in October next, for five or ten thousand dollars a-side, play or pay, Four mile heats; to be run under the direction of the Club. There is no name signed to the above banter.

I wish you to say that I will accommodate the gentleman and his friends—that I will run the following races over the Montgomery race track in Alabama, on the first Monday in November next, and the Montgomery rules to govern. I will run Two mile heats, for $2500; the next day Three mile heats, for $2500; and the third day, Four mile heats, for $5000, this being the sum that the gentleman wishes to run for. As he thinks that Alabama has no horses that are of any account, let him try GRINDSTONE. If this is taken, it must be known by the 1st of September. One half forfeit, and the forfeit money to be deposited in the Bank at Montgomery. My name is GRINDSTONE.

N.B. *Sarah Bladen* not excepted.

THE TURF IN ARKANSAS.

Extract of a letter dated VAN BUREN, (Arks.) June 22, 1838.

I find my horse *Henry Sweat* was not reported among the winners at Mile heats for 1837, which I presume was an oversight. It was not of much importance, as he is a saddle horse and a gelding, but still it is gratifying to us "backwoodsmen" to see our horses in print when they win, although they may not run so fast as others.

The Fort Smith Races will commence on Wednesday the 24th of October, at which time the Club expires; but we have re-organized again for three years, and will have quite respectable purses—about 1,500 dollars to divide among four days. We have here a generous and liberal sporting circle, those that go in for good horses and good racing, and I look forward to the time when we shall compete with the best racers for time.

Col. THOMPSON has a colt foaled this Spring from a Sumpter mare and by Imp. Whale, that surpasses any colt I have ever seen; he could not be purchased now for less than $1000. He is named *Whaler*.

Col. Thompson has just sold his Charles filly out of an Eclipse mare untried, and purchased last Fall in Virginia, for $1500.

Yours respectfully, J. A. SCOTT.

SPORTING EPISTLE FROM WASHINGTON.

—— Washington City, July 23, 1838

Dear Sir,—I am really afraid that you will not be able to make out one word of this letter, but I feel anxious to ask you how you are this hot weather, and how mankind are getting on under your auspices generally?—that is the precise idea to which your attention is invited.—(1.)

I picked up some of your "Spirits" the other day, after a long absence from the city, and was made to laugh outright at the severe manner in which you threw off your ridicule of my idea that "*Decatur* was the best four miler extant!" Why, my dear friend, that was only an opinion, which was just worth its own weight, and not a feather more. I tell you why I thought so. Because his 7:45 heat was about the very cleverest thing in the way of race-horse achievement that had ever occurred in our blessed country. He made that time running half the distance with his neck bent nearly double, and it could not be said that he was fairly out for more than one mile of the whole heat—that he could have run it with perfect ease in 7:40; that is, too, over a track of one mile eight feet and eight inches in length. You say 7:45 is no extraordinary performance. Extraordinary or not, it is the quickest time *ever* made upon our course, and was only beat in the whole United States, in 1837, by 1½ seconds, and that on the quickest track known to our racers—the Union. Can you tell us exactly how many feet and inches the Union is *over* one mile, measured at three feet from the inner edge? What will you take to answer that question? Let your mind swing to that idea for a short spell. I sent you Col. Carberry's certificate of the length of our course, now let some Long Island Colonel put his name down upon the length of your course, leaving out neither feet nor inches. What do you say to that?—(2.)

But I must confess my astonishment and admiration at *Boston's* work upon the Union. Ugly and clumsy a devil as he is, "Cæsar must have the things that are Cæsar's," or, as you have more beautifully modernised, "give unto Scissors the things that are Scissors'." It appears that he made his first three miles in 5:36 ½, and the fourth in 2:03½, doing the entire heat in 7:40. A gentleman who witnessed the race told me that Boston, if necessary, could have made his last mile in 1:54, which would have made the heat in 7:30!! I see nothing why one should doubt that opinion. Indeed, if *Charles Carter* had lapped him during the whole fourth mile, it is not impossible that it might have been done in 1:50, which would have made the heat in 7:26! So far as the last mile is concerned, it must remain a matter for everybody's inference and speculation; but the 5:36½ of the three miles, I suppose, is not more beyond doubt than it is beyond all precedent. Putting it down, then, that Boston could have gone his fourth mile in even 1:58, we are all brought to the unwilling, and not less astounding conclusion, that Boston is able to *distance* the wonderful performance of *Henry* and *Eclipse*, in 1823, of 7:37!

Do you know what the people in these parts are now expecting to see in the "Spirit!" You could not go it in three guesses were a man's life depending upon the result; and for the purpose of pretty well stirring up your curiosity, I have a great mind not to tell you a devil of a word about it. At all events, I shan't tell you just yet, so read on a spell longer. Well, as I was saying about Boston, I am free to admit that he is a better horse than Decatur, but I had no reason to say so when I wrote you my letter, because he was then comparatively an obscure racer, although a regular winner of three mile heats. I suppose Col. Johnson was rather in the dark as to Boston's real powers, as he always kept him behind *Atalanta*, *Lady Clifden*, and *Mary Blunt*, in all 1837; it now appears that he was all the while vastly their superior.

But, as I was going to tell you when I first started, Congress has adjourned, and all the ladies, both married and single, as well as those who were neither single nor married, with every devil of stenographer, partisan and adjunct of Senators and Representatives, have all been swept away by wind and steam, very much to the joy of our peace-and-quiet-loving metropolitans. The late duel and Congressional fist-fights have gone very far to injure our national character; they seem to have a strong affinity to Bowie-knives, Lynching, and that general predilection for murder and lawlessness which have lately disgraced many of our citizens. Only a few months ago a presiding Officer of one of our State Legislatures went down upon the floor with a Bowie-knife in hand, and after a short fight, killed his antagonist in presence of all the Representatives. Unless public opinion takes up the whole business of legislative rowing, we may expect to see some most splendid Bowie-knife achievements in the United States Congress not many months hence.

What is the racing prospect for the Fall of '38?—(3.) They say Field, *Lady Clifden's* first trainer, is to open a training-stable at our course in August, and that he has a prospect of a good string. It is rumored that Maj. Selden's horses will be placed in his care, with others of some note. It is also said that Col. Garrison is going with the whole of his splendid stable, *Old Charles* at their head, to the far South; if so, Tennessee, Alabama, and Louisiana, may look out for trouble in their coming contests; this whole concern, owner, trainer, and horses, can hardly be beat, and will never *stay* beat. It is understood that Mr. Wilson, of Norfolk, is to take Garrison's place as proprietor of our course, and that matters and things will prosper finely in his hands. May it be so! I say this much with all my heart. Judicious arrangements are only necessary to ensure great success to the Washington Course. The people here are fond of racing, and go in great crowds, when properly attracted. I have for some time thought that our Fall racing should always commence on the second Tuesday in December; Congress is here then entirely unemployed, as they don't go seriously to work till after Christmas, and with a great crowd of strangers, would generally attend the racing. Another advantage would be, that the racing at the North, and immediate South, would be over, and their whole forces, winners and all, could concentrate here, and settle whatever should be left in doubt and contention. What do you think of it? The weather about that time is generally good, and all the friends of racing in the neighboring regions could come on without interfering with the sport at home.—(4.)

I said you could not guess what we were all expecting to see at full length in the "Spirit." I will now tell you what it is—*Edwin Forrest's 4th of July Oration* It would go strong. To make the thing still better, you might throw in a few criticisms. The claims of the Green-Room should not be slighted. I should like to read the Oration, but only in the Spirit. Will you go it?—(5.)

I forgot to tell you that I thought *Mingo* was badly treated in allowing him to start at all in his last race. A lame horse should never be permitted by the Judges to run. The practice is nearly always ruinous to the animal, and hardly creditable to human nature. Had he been allowed to rest a few months, he would have been able to make some good running the present year.—(6.) What a sight it would have been to see him in order, making a run with Boston in a 7:40 four mile heat. I sincerely hope he will do well as a stallion, and have no doubt of it if he has good mares. What would you agree to give for a four year old colt or filly by Mingo, out of Atalanta? I should like to see such an animal much.

If Boston should make another race, I hope every foot of it will be contested, and that his utmost powers will be exhibited to the last breath and jump. Should he ever make a four mile heat low down in the "*thirties*," or high up in the "*twenties*," domestic stock will go ahead in the blood of old *Timoleon*, and we shall have no more *Priams* and *Luzboroughs* imported for some spells to come.

You ask me why in the devil's name I don't close this letter? Well, I will presently. But I wanted to ask your opinion about what Mr. Taylor said in your last paper. He says race horses should be raised and treated like other horses. I think there is more reason in that observation than is sometimes to be found in an entire Congressional speech. When the "Spirit" stated some time ago that *Fordham* had been brought up under the forcing system, I wondered how it was possible that he had won his race at all. Under such a system I should expect a great deal of bulk, and quite as much weakness.—(7.) The two extremes of stamina and over-feeding should be clapped down upon the catalogue of human errors. If I had but one moment allowed myself to say all that I desired to breeders and racers, I would try to rush on at the rate of a high-pressure locomotive, until I had said, "let nature alone in every attempt at rearing colts and fillies, and never run a *lame nag*, whatever may be said about the owner's being 'spirited'" It is grievous to see it stated that such a horse was dead lame before starting, but his "*spirited owner*" determined to let him go. I would rather read an obituary ten to one. Besides the unmercifulness of such conduct, it puts a reason in the mouth of every ignoramus to be levelled against the delightful and manly sport of racing. Will you please call upon the prominent Clubs of the United States to give you an official certificate of the exact length of the respective courses, and oblige—(8),

Yours very truly, ——.

Notes by the Editor.

(1.) We are "getting on" this hot weather "just as anybody would." Mankind are living "pretty much one way, and generally another," and female women ditto, ditto. They won't keep cool, notwithstanding we "keeps extorting on 'em," as Mawworm says.

(2.) The Union Course has been repeatedly measured. On the occasion of the celebrated Pedestrian Match vs. Time, in 1835, of 10 miles within an hour, *Sixty feet* was marked off, the track, measuring three feet from the inner fence, being found to be precisely six feet over a full mile in length. It was accurately measured by Mr. Stevens, in company with several other distinguished scientific gentlemen.

(3.) In answer to your query about the prospect of sport this Fall, we reply that it is most gratifying throughout the country. As soon as the stables generally get fairly a-going, we will go into some little detail on the subject. At the North we are very strong in 3 yr. olds and four milers. Presuming, of course, that some arrangement will soon be made public by which *Duane*, *Atalanta*, and *Boston* may start for the same purse, we trust to see them come out on the Island this Fall in company with *Lady Clifden*, *Steele*, *Decatur*, and *Langford*. It is not unlikely that we may have *Mary Blunt* and *Charlotte Russe* here too, from Virginia, and there is an *on dit* that Porter has in charge at Camden, beside Friend's *Duane*, Col. Wynn's *John Linton* and *Porter*, the own brother to *Picton*.

(4.) Would you not be compelled, on "the 2d Tuesday in December," to run your horses with their clothes on? Congress sits until late in the Spring, and it seems to us you might better have an extra meeting or two. Would not the last Tuesday in *November* better serve your purpose? Ere that time the campaign north of Carolina is over, and Washington is crowded.

(5.) Couldn't think of such a thing, my dear Sir. Why it would fill our eight pages "plumb up." Besides, it is on sale for sixpence a copy, and, moreover, is copy-righted, so that the thing is impossible any how you can fix it. Send us your address, and you shall have a copy.

(6.) When brought on the ground *Mingo* was not positively lame, and his trainer thought him able to win without injury to himself. His running proved him able to have beaten the party had he been in equal condition, for after the 1st heat his leg was very much inflamed and swollen, and after the 3d, he walked with great difficulty. He *has* made a very fine season.

(7.) We did not intend to convey the idea, by speaking of "the forcing system," as applied to *Fordham*, that he had been overfed, by any means, but that he was reared very nearly on the plan adopted by English breeders of the present day;—that is, he had every possible attention paid to him from the day he was foaled, and was supplied with plenty of food of the most nutricious and excellent kinds. That he has plenty of foot, he abundantly proved in his winning the $44,000 stake in 1:49½—1:50, over a heavy track; as to his bottom, you may easily test that by offering to run him four mile heats for $20,000.

(8.) Yes,—the prominent Clubs, and all others as well, are respectfully desired to furnish this interesting piece of information. Some half dozen or more are several feet over a mile in length, while a great many others fall so much short. Pray let us have the exact length, and as soon as ascertained, endeavor to make your tracks an exact mile, for a course over a mile is cheating the horses of their due, and one under a mile is a fraud upon the public.

English Sporting Intelligence.

By the British steam packet, the *Royal William*, Capt. Swainson, which arrived on Tuesday last, we received Liverpool dates to the 8th July, her day of sailing, but not our regular files of papers, and the current magazines of the month, they having been sent by the packet of the 1st probably, under the impression that she would reach this port earliest.

The papers do not contain any matters of extraordinary interest, being generally occupied with the details of the Coronation, to the exclusion of nearly everything else. As most of our readers will have seen accounts of this august ceremony before this paper reaches them, we have thought best not to occupy the large space the shortest would fill, by giving any particulars.

A *duel* between Lord Castlereagh and the husband of Madame Grisi, the celebrated Italian *prima donna*, in which the former was severely wounded, has excited a lively interest in English society. The particulars will be found at length on the 1st page, and in no other paper.

We have devoted considerable space to the details of the annual "Drury Lane Theatrical Fund Dinner," not only for its intrinsic interest, but in the hope that the attention of our readers may be drawn to the establishment of a similar institution in this country. One was projected here some time since, and several thousand dollars subscribed, but the whole affair appears to have fallen through for some unaccountable reason. Will any of our theatrical friends enlighten us in this matter?

Our English Sporting Intelligence is not so complete as we could have wished, owing to the fact alluded to above, that our papers and magazines were forwarded by the packet of the 1st July, instead of the steamer of the 8th. The most prominent events in the sporting world, including the "Settling Day" of the Derby and Oaks, "The Cobham Affair," and other matters of interest will be found in our columns.

Of the twenty-three horses that started for the Derby, eleven are engaged in the Leger, viz.:—Ion, Grey Momus, Bretby, Albemarle, Cobham, D'Egville, Volunteer, Constantine, The Early Bird, Dormouse, and Scurry colt.

On starting for the Derby, the odds were 3½ to 1 agst. Cobham, and 1000 to 15 agst Bretby, both horses out of Scott's stable; and yet the latter, if anything, ran better than the first. The odds also against Albemarle were 30 to 1, and yet he ran the best out of the "great northern stable."

The settling for the Ascot gold Cup went off exceedingly well at Windsor, with the exception of a short turn-up at the Turf-house, between an old soldier and a retired ostler, both of whom, after a few rounds in as many minutes, laid deaf to time under the table; whether from punishment, a too friendly acquaintance with the jolly god Bacchus, or a mutual dislike to such diabolical doings, we have yet to learn.

On Tuesday last Jagger, Caroline Elvina, Albemarle, Richard Roe, and filly, by Priam, out of Rowton's dam, passed through Doncaster, *en route* to Whitehall Corner, near Malton. Epirus and Bretby were expected here on Friday.

Fatality among Horses.—Five or six stallion horses have died in the East Riding, Yorkshire, during the late cold weather. Three have died in the district of Holderness, one at Aldborough, one at Roos, and one at Seathorne. Two of them belonged to W. Humphreys, a tradesman of Driffield.

The match against time, 100 miles in harness, as noticed in our last to come off on Monday, did not take place, the gentleman who made the bet being obliged to pay half forfeit, £25, his horse being amiss.

Lord Errol gives a grand dinner to the Members of the Jockey Club and other influential supporters of the Turf, on the 2d July, at the Clarendon.

Sale of Racers.—The valuable racing stud of the late Thomas Johnson, Esq., of Smedley, near Manchester, will be sold by auction on Thursday, in the Liverpool July Meeting.

Muley Moloch and Sheet Anchor.—We are informed that a match for 500 sovereigns has been concluded between two celebrated gentlemen of the turf, to run at York Spring Meeting, 1840, namely, five foals got by Muley Moloch, against the same got by Sheet Anchor, each party, of course, to have the privilege of naming any foal from the horse's stock he may think proper. The excellent promise of each horse's stock will, doubtless, excite great interest as to the result of the contest. Yorkshireman.

Ascot Cup.—Slane has been declared to be lame, and will not start either for this race or the Somersetshire or Gloucestershire stakes. Redshank is rumored to be lame also.

Enormous Pike.—On Monday, the 6th ult., Mr. John Shepherd, the celebrated jockey, of Norton, near New Malton, now in his 77th year, caught a most magnificent pike with rod and line, at the mouth of Scagglethorpe Beck, which runs into the river Derwent: it measured three feet seven inches in length, one foot nine inches in girth, and weighed 21lbs.—About 26 years ago, the same person caught a pike in the same place, which measured three feet four inches in length, two feet eleven inches in girth, and weighed 33lbs.

Interesting to Sportsmen.—The Sporting World will be glad to hear that a New Edition of the Oakleigh Shooting Code is in the press, and will be ready for delivery early in July. The new edition of this useful and entertaining work wil be illustrated with numerous Plates, and the information on Grouse and Black Game Shooting should be in the hands of every lover of that sport, while the general sportsman cannot fail of deriving both information and delight from a perusal of Tom Oakleigh's amusing pages. Bell's Life.

A pike was caught at a float, in Derwent Lake, Keswick, on Saturday last by Messrs. Joseph and Wm. Bowe, which had attained the weight of 23½lbs.

A "Triton of the Minnows."—The Worcester Journal states, that last week a gentleman of Hereford killed in the river Lugg a trout weighing 1lb. 13oz., in the stomach of which were found 53 full sized minnows.

Swallow Shooting.—On Monday last Mr. Henry Heritage, for a bet of a dinner and wine, went a short distance out of Bury St. Edmund's, to kill six out of twelve swallows. He won by killing seven out of eight; and he now offers to shoot at twelve swallows, and hit eleven of them.

Price, the celebrated vaulter, on Thursday night threw 34 summersets at Astley's Theatre—the greatest number ever known to be thrown in England.

On Thursday last a match was played at Lord's Cricket-ground, between eleven gentlemen of the Marylebone Club (including the Earl of Aboyne, Lord Lyttleton, Lord Charles Russell, and the Hon. Col. Lowther) and eleven of the Royal Artillery Club from Woolwich. The Artillery Club, who took the first innings, gained 72 runs, and the Marylebone 32. The Artillery Club again went in, and gained 67, which increased their number to 139. As it was then late, the Marylebone Club deferred their innings until the following morning, when they resumed, but were unsuccessful. The return match takes place on Monday next at the Artillery-ground, Woolwich.

The renowned Deaf Burke is to take a benefit, on his return from America at the New Shooting Gallery, Saville-place, Leicester-square, to-morrow evening, when, in addition to the display of milling tactics, he is to exhibit his imitations of the Venetian Statues in proper costume, and in his American Champion's belt will throw down the gauntlet for the Championship of England.

A Belgian gentleman recently undertook, for a wager of 7000f., that his horse should be ridden from Brussells to Antwerp, a distance of twenty-seven miles in an hour and a half. The match came off on Sunday week. On reaching the first fortification of Antwerp the animal fell from exhaustion, but recovered after having its saddle taken off, and accomplished the task with twenty-nine seconds to spare.

The "Cobham" Affair.

Leatherhead, Friday morning.—Sir—It is a matter of notoriety that the Scotts represented Cobham to be their best horse for the Derby, that he had given Albemarle "loads of weight," (I am afraid to say how much,) and beaten him easy; yet Albemarle, with a bad start, was alongside the Grey at the finish, and Cobham was beaten before he had run 300 yards! Of course so glaring a contradiction was to be accounted for in some way—therefore "the horse had been poisoned!" Yet he was again tried on the Friday after with Albemarle, on the same liberal terms, and again won in a canter!! Strange, this, for a "poisoned" horse! Mr. Coombe, naturally anxious to ascertain the cause of such in and out work, sent to London for Mr. Field, apprizing the Scotts of it, that they might be ready to meet him. Instead of this, they actually physicked and bled the horse, thus adding in no slight degree to the dissatisfaction which had existed. On Wednesday Mr. Coombe clinched the business by taking away his colt, *sans ceremonie* and placing him under the care of Joe Rogers; and it is said that he will endeavor to obtain a trial either with Amato or Dormouse, in order to satisfy himself and the public. Should he adopt this course, (and from the straightforward honorable feeling which has characterized his conduct on all occasions, it is not at all improbable,) perhaps he will make the result known through your paper. A Victim.

We give this letter because it contains the only tangible statement connected with the Cobham mystery which has reached us; but we cannot take upon ourselves to say that it is "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." Probably Mr. Coombe will enable us to furnish the public with a definite account of the transactions. Bell's Life.

The Derby and Oaks.

The settling for these races took place on Tuesday last at Tattersall's, where every accommodation was afforded to the members, and the precaution (at once necessary and profitable) taken to keep out improper characters by making non-subscribers pay a guinea each for admission; we should say that seventy or eighty must have paid in this way. The accounts, as we intimated in our last, were settled very comfortably, the losses having been distributed amongst a large class of spectators; Amato, however, was about the worst outsider that could have won for the betters round, nearly the whole of them having laid the full amount of their stake against him at long odds. It should be stated that although the settling is allowed to have been unusually good, there are two or three accounts of moderate extent not yet closed: as the parties promise fairly, we shall not compromise them or their creditors by a more distinct allusion at present. The Cobhamites are not by any means satisfied with the figure their nag cut in the race, and all sorts of reports are in circulation; some insist that he "never was" the nag, and that all the money (not the "public money") was on the horse that ran fourth (Albemarle), "which would have been very near winning had he got off well." Others are positive that Cobham had been "hocussed," and we have now before us a letter from Epsom, stating that Mr. Harvey Coome is so far satisfied, that he took his horse from Scott's stable early on Wednesday morning. We give all these reports as they have reached us, without holding ourselves responsible for their accuracy. Bell's Life, June 10.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

Grand Match at the Red House.—The lovers of the trigger experienced an excellent treat at the Red House on Monday and Tuesday last, on which occasion a superb silver tea service, value £40, was shot for by ten gentlemen, who had entered into a subscription of 5 sovs. each, the second best shot receiving £10. The terms of the match were 30 birds each, 15 each day, at 25 and 30 yards' distance. Only four gentlemen shot at the long distance, viz., Mr. Parnell, Mr. Wickham, a gallant Captain and well-known shot, and Mr. Osbaldeston. As the two dons of the old school and some of the most celebrated shots of the present day contended, the match was rendered doubly interesting. On the first day, the birds being the best blue rocks, and the wind being boisterous, the pigeons in many instances were backed against the gun. The following is the result of the shooting on Monday:—Mr. Wickham killed five out of 15, Mr. Parnell 8, Mr. Osbaldeston 9, the Gallant Captain 2 (he only shot at 9); Capt. Latour 7, Mr. Gale 8, Mr. W. Parnell 9, Mr. Lang (of the Haymarket) 12, Captain Hammingson 5, Mr. Wood 6. On Tuesday Mr. Lang was the favorite at 6 to 4, and Mr. Parnell the second favorite. At the close of the match the shooters had killed as follows in the two days:—Mr. Lang 21 out of 30; Mr. W. Parnell 18, Mr. Parnell 16, Mr. Osbaldeston 15, Captain Latour 15, Mr. Wickham 10. Mr. Lang was consequently declared the winner of the tea service, and Mr. W. Parnell (who shot with one of Mr. Lang's guns) of the ten sovs. It is but justice to state, that both Mr. Osbaldeston and the "Great Captain" stated that they had not shot a pigeon match for the last six years; but we hope yet to see them make up a club similar to that of the good olden times. After the match most of the gentlemen present dined at the Somerset Hotel, at a "spread" given by Mr. Parnell, the winner of the £200 stakes, and they kept it up until a late hour, several other sporting matches being made during the evening. Bell's Life.

Groom and Hyde.—The match between Mr. R. Groom and Mr. T. Hyde, the Cambridge crack shot, for £20 a-side, came off on Tuesday last at Mr. Evannetts, the Feathers Inn, Wade's Mill, Herts. There was an exceedingly strong muster of the friends of Mr. Hyde, but only a few of the London gents accompanied their pet to the ground. The terms of the match were 21 birds each, 21 yards rise, 60 yards bounds, and charge of shot limited to two ounces. Mr. Groom killed his first three birds, the fourth falling dead out of bounds; he then killed six more in succession, missing the eleventh, and the twelfth fell dead over the boundary. The next eight were brought down in excellent style, but he missed his last bird—thus scoring 17 out of 21. Mr. Hyde missed his first three birds, and the fourth scored against him by falling dead out of bounds. The two next he killed, but missed his seventh, ninth (dead over boundary), tenth, twelfth, fourteenth, and eighteenth—making a score of only 11, and losing the match by 6 birds. The wind was very high, and the pigeons first-rate, but the manner in which Groom brought down his birds excited much admiration among the country shots. Every one expressed their approbation at the exertions of the worthy host of the Inn, and the way in which the whole affair was conducted reflects great credit on all.

On Wednesday Mr. Lang and Mr. Wickham shot a match at fifteen double shots, 21 yards distance, with the five traps. Mr. Lang was the favorite at 5 to 4. At the eleventh shot Mr. Wickham was four a-head. Mr. Lang, however, afterwards killed three double shots out of four, but lost the match by one bird, he scoring 14, and Mr. Wickham 15.—Mr. Parnell, Mr. Lang, and Mr. Wickham then shot a sweepstakes match the same distance, at four double shots each, which Mr. Lang won. Mr. Gurney and Mr. Bentley also shot a match of twelve birds each, the short distance, with the five traps. Mr. Gurney was the winner.—We understand that a match has been made, to come off within a month, between four gentlemen, crack shots, £200 a-side, at 25 yards.

Edward Lytton Bulwer, the popular novelist has been created a baronet along with many other gentlemen. Numerous promotions by brevet have taken place in the Army and Navy as is usual after a coronation.

Miss Landon, known to fame as L. E. L., embarked with her husband, Mr. McLean, for South Africa on the 2d of July.

THE LATE LORD BERNERS.

It is not designed, in the brief space allotted in a periodical to notices of this description, to attempt even an epitomised biography of one whose sporting career extended over half a century. Did there exist any authentic record of the doings of this veteran Sportsman, the Field-Book would repose appropriately on the same shelf with that of Thornville Royal. There was no species of sylvan craft which he left untried, nor one with which his name is not honorably connected. Without any of those channels of expense, a family, a town establishment, and the costly *etcetera* of the Benedict of fashionable life, in "single blessedness" he dedicated his ample revenues to foster and promote his country's National Sports. To effect this, the Master of Didlington, like his eccentric rival in the North, left no means unattempted: all the elements were made tributary to his purpose: earth, air, fire, and water, were typified in his stud and kennel, his falcons, his training preserves, and the silver promise of the angle that sparkled beneath the windows of his "good hall." Such was the late Lord Berners, so long and so well known as Major Wilson, whose recent demise at the age of seventy-seven has cast a gloom over the sporting circles of England.

With his achievements in the field (though a Master of Fox-hounds on the old English plan of supporting them at his own expense) we do not purpose to deal, neither with his feats as a *battue* shooter, though possessed of the best stocked preserves in Suffolk: not that he was deficient in either character, but that in other classes of our Rural Sports he was first among the foremost. Indeed it is much to be feared that one of our oldest sylvan pastimes, the last link that connects our wood-craft with the chivalry of the olden time, is fated to disappear altogether, unless it be patronised by his successor, who *ought* to regard it as an heir-loom to the broad-lands of Didlington. It is very generally known that the Hawking Establishment of Lord Berners was the only legitimate representative of that falconry which was once the sport of our Princes, and the diversion peculiar to all of gentle blood. The Orfords and Sidneys no longer bear the tercel gentle for device; surely the last rural relic of the dames and cavaliers of old will not be permitted to pass from among us for ever!

No man capable of distinguishing "a hawk from a hand-saw" could dwell in such scenes as those by which Didlington is surrounded without imbibing a desire for falconry. Major Wilson became a convert, and the style of his hawking was soon as perfect as the arena upon which it was pursued. His domain contained a noble heronry, and the wild heath of the neighborhood seemed spread purposely for those "who lance their falcons in the air." Such as have had no experience of this noble sport save that afforded in the capture of a wretched tame pigeon by the Hereditary Grand Falconry as by grace of Parliament still extant in this land, can form but weak conceptions of its true character as enacted when the cry of "*heron à la vole*" ascends from the fern-bearing wilds of Suffolk. Upon one of these, sheltered by a solitary clump of firs and mountain ash to hide their presence and purpose from the home-wending fisher-bird, might, in late days, the old Lord be discerned seated in a rude one-horse chariot of primeval simplicity, with a small but select band of the lovers of the "flight" around him. Russet-clad men of foreign aspect bore stately birds plumed and hooded upon their fist, the music of whose silver bells was the sole sound breaking the silence of the world of waste. Upon such a scene it has been my fortune to look, not without feeling how well it might pass for an acted *tableau* from Snyders.

Didlington Hall is probably one of the most complete general sporting residences in England. The fox-hunting in that district is certainly not of the first class, but for the rest, particularly coursing and shooting, it is unrivalled. The private training ground there is by much the best that I have anywhere seen, and the paddocks are but a few steps from the hall-door. Lord Berners's *debut* on the course was made long before my acquaintance with it, and I have not the old calendars at hand to refer to for the date. The name seems destined to be patriarchal on our Turf, another Wilson having for years enjoyed the title of its father. Few, if any, that have made Racing a pursuit have ever supported it so long and on such a scale as the Sporting Newmarket Major. His Lodge at that metropolis of the Turf was quite in keeping with the system of its economy. It was a most unpretending box, containing much that was useful, but nothing by any means superfluous or ornamental. All that related to the stable, however, was amply provided for in both the last-named respects, though latterly they were less carefully regarded than heretofore. The ground behind it, with its thickset hedgerows offering complete shelter in walking exercise, and the quiet access afforded by its situation to the Heath at either side of the town, made it the ideal of a Racing Establishment.

I have said that in late years less attention was paid to the ornamental in the stable department than was wont to be bestowed upon it; the result has been rather remarkable. In 1834 his stud, though in the hands of Doe, a man of an excellent knowledge in his profession, exhibited a good deal of the *seedy*.—Lest any reflection should by implication attach to the trainer, it is as well at once to say that Lord Berners did not grow in liberality as he grew in years.—Well, in 1834 he would have won the Oaks but for a fall in which his mare lost her life. Subsequent to this Doe left his Lordship's service for that of his present master, Lord Lichfield, and the race-horses were committed to the direction of a person not above an ordinary stable boy. With these odds against them they went to Epsom last year, where Phosphorus, with 40 to 1 against him and a queer leg, won the Derby, which was more than all the palmy days of the Didlington stud had been able to accomplish!

This slight notice professes no more than is literally conveyed by its title—a short allusion to the late Lord Berners. Of the gay and gallant Major Wilson, who rode his own Newmarket Matches, and was in all respects a very perfect and accomplished cavalier, it is silent, because such events belong to an epoch beyond the personal experience of its author. My first and last reminiscences of the late worthy Peer have eccentricity for their basis, and, however it may expose me to blame, I cannot but select incidents so tinged as illustrative of his character. There is a story current of him, that, being in a county town on one of his racing circuits, and wanting cash for some immediate purpose, he entered a banking-house and requested money for his cheque upon his London banker, stating that he was Lord Berners. "My Lord," answered the official, "there is no need for you to draw upon London; we shall be happy to pay your draft upon ourselves, as we are in account with you for a considerable sum which your Lordship lodged with us several years ago to your own credit." This anecdote is by no means out of keeping with the character of a man of close habits.

It is customary in all biography, real or imaginary, to offer at the outset a personal description of the individual to whom it relates. I have not differed from the usual custom from any want of materials in my subject. No modern specimen of the class to which he belonged ever exhibited a more supreme contempt of outward show, or was more eminently independent of his tailor. A portrait of the sporting old Peer "in his habit as he lived," on the last occasion that I saw him, would be as original a sketch as can well be imagined. An ample and venerable white hat was succeeded by a marvellously capacious frock-coat composed of grass-green baize lined with a substance resembling buff kerseymere: his waistcoat was of the same material as the lining of his coat, and his trowsers were constructed of brown stuff. Thus arrayed, he stood at the gate of his Lodge at the foot of the Windmill hill in Newmarket, his customary cigar alight, in attitude and bearing the very *beau ideal* of one whom the anxieties of this world had not "visited too roughly." The conventionalism that requires "de mortuis nil nisi bonum" is the foulest foe to their memories. We know that none can be perfect; and therefore, when we read an epitaph declaring that he to whom it relates was without fault, we begrudge him even the virtues to which he had claim. In speaking of the eccentricities of Lord Berners, let none interpret my motives invidiously. To much that was whimsical and capricious was added more that was kind and of a right spirit. Our business is not with his domestic relations; but did we examine into them we should find many in the circle whose immediate centre he was by whom his loss is honestly deplored, and his memory will long be gratefully cherished.

A patron of every description of Rural Sport, that to which he was especially devoted was the Turf, and it would seem an exercise of moral justice beyond mere chance, that, ere his latest course was run, awarded him the honors of the modern Olympic crown. Phosphorus, with whom he won last year's Derby, has been generally spoken of as an animal of little outward promise. It has been well said by CRAVEN, in his "Annals of the Turf," that the machinery of a race-horse lies out of sight. Symmetry of form, those proportions which the eye acknowledges as beauty, are the result of care and skill bestowed upon him in his youth. Neglect does not permit their developement, or it may be that early disease retards them; nevertheless the germ of excellence is still within him as the hand of Nature formed it: the living ray is in the diamond, albeit unfashioned and unpolished by the lapidary's cunning. Of this the case before us affords a very striking instance. In the Number of this Magazine for July 1834 there is a notice of a visit to Didlington which I had the good fortune to make at the instance of its late proprietor. On the morning of my departure Mr. Wilson, to whom that fair domain has descended, was kind enough to accompany me in my parting look at the paddocks. After we had canvassed the merits of the yearlings, we passed on to the mares with their foals at foot. The old Rubens mare (the dam of Camarine) stood under a spreading tree with a colt foal beside her. It was the flower of their flock, and turning to my companion, I observed, "Either there is nothing in early promise, or *that* is destined to be a racer." This was the future Phosphorus. The remark will probably not have escaped Mr. Wilson's memory—its fulfilment may be attributed to chance; at all events it cannot be denied the merit of being a tolerably accurate guess.

Although the Racing Establishment of Lord Berners has not been of late years of any extent, his Lordship's demise will be felt upon the Turf, not alone in the loss the course will sustain, but in the reduction of a breeding stud still possessing some of the best blood in England. His successor, I believe, is not likely to keep race-horses, the Chase being more to his taste. With such facilities as he will find around him, and such a stallion for substance as Lamplighter, what appliances offer themselves for giving trial to the experiment so much advocated in these pages, of breeding thorough-bred stock for the field! This may be apart from my present purpose, but nothing having for its object to promote the cause of sporting can be held unworthy of association with it. Whatever a fanatic and mistaken zeal may urge—or worse, a venal sophism, that panders to the Machiavelian tactics of a party, daily thunder forth against them, the Popular Sports of this country are "the good soil" whose "good fruit is the British national character." This is my belief, my conviction; and oft as I turn with regret to the "light of other days" that no longer add their radiance to our Sporting galaxy, still do I never fear for the fate of a cause that can number among its advocates and patrons the names of an Egremont, a Derby, and a Berners! JUAN.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine.

ELEPHANT HUNTING IN INDIA.

A party of us, five in number, were beating for a tiger between Mohun and Kherie, at the foot of the Sawulik range of hills in the forest near "Bawanee Mutt," and owing to the numerous dry stony nullahs which intersect that part of the country, we had scattered considerably. M——y and self were on the extreme right of the line, but distant from each other forty or fifty yards, beating slowly through the forest; which was here scanty, and the grass consequently very heavy. I had just ascended the bank of one of these nullahs when I caught sight of a black mass in front, which the next instant I discovered to be a wild elephant: he was standing with his broadside to me, about fifty yards off, lazily flapping his ears, and throwing dust upon his back. My first impulse was to fire, but, fortunately for myself, as it subsequently proved, I resisted; for if I had pulled a trigger at him, I should, in all human probability, have furnished a most tragical subject for the pen of one of our party. Discretion, however, being the better part of valor, I called to M——y, and he directed the attention of the rest of the party to the black monster in our front, who, whilst these preliminaries were taking place, walked quietly away.

We held a short consultation, and determined to attack him; the pad elephants were called in from the flanks, and our line formed as compactly as the nature of the ground would admit; two or three of the pads (the mahouts rather) showing most ignoble reluctance to close in; the elephants having suddenly become unmanageable and refusing to move one step in advance.

Our phalanx was at length complete, and we moved steadily on in the track of our friend. I had never seen a wild elephant hunted, and did not therefore feel any *palpitation*, beyond the excitement produced by the anticipation of a "scrimmage," but when next I advance against one, I shall most assuredly show more compassion towards the drivers of pad elephants, than was warranted by my previous inexperience. A tiger is sometimes an unpleasant intruder on the "guddee" (not an unfrequent occurrence, however, in Indian Shikaree), but only imagine the annihilation by a charge *home* from a beast such as we were most eagerly and systematically endeavoring to bring down upon us!

Slowly through the forest we moved in his track, and about two hundred yards from the spot where I had first beheld him, his black bulk again arrested the eye, partially screened by a tree in the midst of a heavy patch of grass jungle. He was a large male without tusks (a "Mukna,") and had, at the moment, a particularly degagé *saucy* look, as much as to say "Come along, if you dare, I am ready for you."

But who can describe the lightning change from the lazy impertinent sort of attitude to the fiery madness with which, the next instant, he wheeled his huge carcase round, and with head erect, trunk thrown back, tail in air, and a shrill trumpet which must have startled the tigers from their lairs for miles around, he thundered down upon our line, making the earth shake beneath his tread! Midway between us, as I before mentioned, was a solitary tree, a large bough of which overhung the monster in his first furious career, but considerably above his head: he flung his trunk over his back, and, as he rushed along like a whirlwind, smashed the branch with one blow as if it had been a reed, retaining in his brandished trunk a remnant of the shivered bough, which he waved above his head like the blade of a charging warrior. The next moment he was within five paces; bang went the three rifles of S——, S——l, and self. He hesitated for a second, and three more balls were lodged in his forehead; the blood spouted from the wounds, and under the irritation of this discipline he charged right down at A——y and M——y, on the left of the line, who emptied their batteries on him, and turned him; he wheeled round, staggered for some distance, evidently hard hit (I thought he would have fallen), and off to the depths of the forest. We followed him for a long time, but although we searched "the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spots," we found him not.

Those of your readers who have not witnessed the charge of a wild elephant, can form no idea of the *speed* at which he rushes to the shock, and then the *form* of the untamed animal, whose arched back has never been disgraced by a burthen—whose noble head is carried as if he scorned the earth which shakes beneath him—and the enormous development of whose muscles impresses the beholder with the annihilating power which such a monster possesses as he hurls himself at his opponent.

It is an exciting moment, that breathless, steady raising of the rifle, the ball from which *must* stop that impetuous and terrific charge. For my part, although mounted on a large elephant, I could not but feel my own insignificance, with my battery of guns opposed to that mighty and wild denizen of the forest; and had he made good his charge, we must all have gone over like so many ninepins.

At the moment when he shivered the bough with his trunk (no doubt for the purpose of intimidating his opponents), the spectacle was truly magnificent, worth fifty tiger hunts; and the compressed lips of the party, as he rushed to the close, gave ample testimony to the excitement of the scene. It was beautiful, most beautiful! and more than compensated for the danger incurred. That the peril was most imminent there can be no doubt, and had he charged home, lives must have been lost. GOORKAH.

Bengal Sporting Magazine.

COCKNEY LOAFERS.—A vignette in Bell's Life in London hits off the cockney loafers out of employ:—

"Vell, Stubbs, you seem summat like myself tir'd a doing of nothing. Suppose as we goes and has a spree, jist to keep our blood in circulation. I an't partikler to a shade vot it is—breaking vinders, twisting off knockers, or chiming the arey bells. It's all one to me, so as vee have a lark. Our masters are henjoying themselves, and I don't see vy ve shouldn't have a little rational henjoyment as vell as the swells at the Vest-end."

"Come, take a swig and pass the pot,
And don't sit there so melancholic;
Come, mount your tile, my Buck, and trot,
And let's enjoy some fun and frolic.

"I'm sure you won't refuse to go,
Nor say just now, that business hinders;
There can't be primer sport, you know,
Than ringing bells or cracking vinders.

"Vell, Snook, your courage I von't damp—
For mischief always ripe and ready;
'Tis pastime rare to smash a lamp,
Or wrench a knocker off, my Neddy!"

ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB.

The opening Match for the Season was fixed for the 19th of May, for first-class yachts, from Greenwich to Gravesend and back, when a Fifty Guinea Cup and Cover was sailed for in honor of her Majesty's birth-day, the Patroness of this Distinguished Club, by Mr. Barron's Princess Victoria, 25 tons; Mr. Smith's Qeeen Victoria, 22 tons; and Mr. Gunston's Sabrina, 21 tons. The Fame steamer was engaged by the Club to accompany the Match, and at ten o'clock left the Adelaide Wharf, London Bridge, for Greenwich, having on board W. H. Harrison, Esq., the Commodore, the Officers, Stewards, and several Members of the Club, and their friends, including a strong muster of the *elite* of the Aquatic World, and several Ladies, but not so many as usual, doubtless owing to the uncongenial state of the weather, the wind having been for some days previously Nor-and-Nor-East. On arriving off the Hospital, the Commodore and suite went ashore, and repaired to the residence of Sir T. M. Hardy, Governor of the Hospital and Vice-Patron of the Club, for the purpose of shewing the splendid trophy to be competed for. Lady Hardy and the Ladies of the family expressed their admiration of the beauty of the Prize, and the Gallant Admiral complimented the Club on the success of their endeavors to promote the animating and national amusement of Yacht-sailing. The contending vessels were at the respective stations, and as the time for starting drew near, numerous yachts got under weigh to accompany the Match, including Lord Wharncliffe's Romulus (his Lordship at the helm), Jack Tar, Gnome, Brilliant, Maria, and Malibran. At twelve o'clock the Commodore, having returned on board the Fame, gave the signal for starting, the wind at this time being S. E. by S. blowing fresh. The crews of the contending vessels were slick at their work, and their canvas was hoisted in double-quick time, the Sabrina being first under way, and going off "like a thing of life," taking a gallant lead of the other yachts. At Blackwall they were a cable's length from each other, Princess second; but after passing Woolwich-reach, the Queen took her place. At Edith the Sabrina was a mile in advance, the others making a desperate struggle for second, and so close were they together, each alternately having the advantage, that it was doubtful which would gain the point. After some interesting manœuvring the Princess got the weather-guage of her Majesty, and finally went ahead. The Sabrina rounded the distance-boat, stationed off the lower end of the town, at 2h. 39 min.; the Princess at 2h. 47½ min.; and the Queen at 2h. 48½ min. There was some boggling on both the latter vessels in rounding, which enabled the leading yacht to increase her advantage, and it was evident that the Sabrina must win the Cup, unless some slip should intervene to prevent it. Nothing of the kind, however, occurred, and Mr. Gunston reached Greenwich at 28 minutes past five, beating her opponents in gallant style. The other vessels had increased their speed in coming home, the Princess arriving in three minutes and a quarter after the Sabrina, and her Majesty in six minutes and twelve seconds. Mr. Gunston and his competitors shortly afterwards went on board the Fame, and the Commodore presented the Cup to the winner with the usual ceremonies. The steamer then got under weigh, and landed her company at the Adelaide Wharf at half-past seven. It is needless to add that the Stewards were prompt in attention to everything that could conduce to the comfort and convenience of their guests, and that the proceedings of the day closed, as they began, with satisfaction and delight to all on board.

London Sporting Magazine for June.

PREPARATION FOR PASTURING.

Grooms are much in the habit of giving the horse a dose or two of physic before sending him to grass. I do not think that any is necessary, yet it appears to do no harm. Physic, they say, prevents the corn from fighting with the grass, but this is a nonsensical theory. The horse may have tumid legs, or some other thing the matter with him, and for that physic may be useful. It would be as whether the horse went to grass or remained at home. But so far as the mere change of diet and lodging is concerned, physic is quite unnecessary. To prepare the horse for exposure to the weather, the clothing to which he has been accustomed is lightened, and then entirely removed, a week or two before turning out. The temperature of the stable is gradually reduced, till it be as cool as the external air. These precautions are most necessary for horses that have been much in the stable, and particularly in a warm stable. If the horse go out at the end of summer, or in autumn, he should go before his winter coat is on. If its growth be completed in the stable, its subsequent increase may not be sufficient to keep the horse warm. In autumn he should not go out while moulting. For eight or ten days previous he should not be groomed. The dust and perspiration which accumulate upon the hair, seem in some measure to protect the skin from rain and from flies. The feet should be dressed, and the grass shoes or plates, applied a week before turning out. If injured by the nails, the injury will be apparent before much mischief is done. At grass it might not be noticed so soon. On the day of going out, the horse should be fed as usual. If he go to grass when very hungry, he may eat too much. Indigestion will be the result, and next morning the horse will be found dead. Weather permitting, night is usually chosen for the time of turning out. The horse is not so apt to gallop about. Let loose in the day time, many are disposed to gallop till they lame themselves, and to try the fences. In autumn, or early in spring, the stable preparation for grass is often insufficient. If the horse be tender, or the weather unsettled or cold, he may require to be taken home every night for, perhaps, the first week. For eight or ten days longer, it may be proper to house him on very wet or stormy nights. If there be no sheds in the field, it is an act of charity to bring the horse home when there is snow on the ground; the stable assigned to him should always be cool, not so cold as the external air, but never so warm as if he were accustomed to it.

Stewart's Stable Economy.

Salmagundi.

SHE IS NOW *No More!*—Miss Priscilla More, of Connecticut, was recently married to Mr. Bramley Nomore.

Woman, says the gallant editor of the Mobile Examiner, is most beautiful when in tears—like a rose wet with the crystal dew.

We suppose the editor of the Examiner whips his wife every Sunday to make her look beautiful. Baltimore Sun.

Horace Twiss has lately turned a bit of a puppy in his dress, and he was calling Wetherell's attention to the cut of his coat, saying, "You observe I have my clothes *on a new principle*." "What," said Wetherell, thrown off his guard, "*do you pay for them?*"

Why is a dandy hanging by his ears on a shirt collar like the toothache?—Because he is agonizing.

The enforcement of the dog law commenced in Southwark on Monday night, and has since been vigorously carried on. Sausages are said to have fallen in price immediately. Couldn't for our life explain what bearing the dog law has upon the sale of that article.

CONJUGAL DIALOGUE.—"Husband, do you believe in the special judgments of Providence upon individuals in this life?"—"Yes, my dear."—"Do you, indeed! Did one of them judgments ever happen to you?"—"Yes, my love."—"And when was it, husband?"—"When I married you, my dear."

We are told that it is so hot in New Orleans, that standing at any corner, you can see whole suits of clothes walking along, the occupants having melted entirely away.

TAKING IT COOLLY.—On the occasion of the recent earthquake in Missouri, says the Little Falls Gazette, a couple who were quietly sleeping in their bed were somewhat disturbed. "What's that?" said the wife. "Only an earthquake," returned the husband, as he drowsily turned over, and resigned himself again to the arms of Morpheus.

To kiss a pretty woman is bliss, but to be kissed by one is rapture matured. The tough sex lose a deal by not investing the fair sex with the privileges of making love. They could do it more naturally than we, and it is peculiarly their province.

VIRTUES OF A COWHIDE.—"Hallea, neighbor, what be ye goin' to do with that are cowhide?"—"Why, I've got a tarnation cretur of a boy what forgets to go to school, and I want to jog his mem'ry."

TO PRESERVE MILK.—It is said during the warm months milk will not sour so quick if a little cold water is first put into a vessel which is to contain it.

Baltimore Sun.

Our milkmen have been up to that secret for a long time, and the worst of it is they never think of turning it out when they milk the cow. Picayune.

WHAT WE LIKE TO SEE.—We like to see young men strutting about with cigars in their mouths, calling for smallers of gin and brandy, and drinking them off with great nonchalance, because it looks so genteel and manly.

We like to hear young men swear bravely, especially in the company of respectable females. It shows good sense and very excellent breeding.

We like to see young ladies laugh in church, because it shows they are pleased with the sermon.

We like to hear young lads, between the ages of 15 and 20, boast of their adventures with the fair sex. It shows they know a thing or two—if not more.

A lady took her passage on board a steamboat at New Orleans, to go to St. Louis, but hearing that the Captain intended to run a race, declined going unless assurances were given that such would not be the case. The master pledged his honor to refrain from the contest, and the boat got under way; the rival boat soon appeared, and neared the other fast; the passengers becoming excited, requested the Captain to put on more steam, which was refused, for the reason above given. The lady was applied to, but would not yield. She was then requested to come on deck and view the other boat, which was at the time nearly alongside, and fast gaining. Her feelings were immediately enlisted, and she too urged an increase of speed, which was attempted, but not succeeding so well as the passengers desired, they suggested that he should use bacon to make the wood more inflammable. The answer was, that having pledged his word not to race, he had not provided himself with the article. "Never mind, Captain," said the lady, "you have some on board for freight, use it, my dear sir, *I will pay all expenses if you beat that boat.*"

Charleston Mercury.

FOURTH OF JULY HEROICS.—It is not a little amusing to a person of any justness of taste, to read the hyperbolical patriotism with which the Fourth of July is annually greeted in some of the newspapers. There is no language too extravagant to express the exultation of some of these writers, at the advent of this great day. Many of the rhapsodies are perfectly unintelligible, being made up of all the flowers of rhetoric and all the figures of speech of which the language is capable. One of these, who delights in Elizabeth Town, Illinois, indulges his enthusiasm in the following eloquent strain:—

"Flushed with joy at the invincibility of their ancestor's armies, the Roman people offered sacrifices to their deities, and as the incense curled on sublimely through the silvery bowels of the firmament, there seemed to gush out streams of affection, which each one deemed the perennial safe guard of their liberties."

The editor of the Louisville Journal, a wight of most excellent humor, but withal, at times, right caustic, having read the above effusion, annotates upon it and its author, in the words following, to wit:—

"The chap that writes these things is very much in the habit of calling his neighbors 'asses;' but we do think, that of all the asses that ever brayed, or munched thistles, he himself is the greatest. We are credibly informed that after his birth, not another ass was foaled in any part of the world for ten years; the whole assinine material of the universe was used up in his composition. Nature exhausted herself in that one effort. If he were to be cut up into ten thousand pieces, each piece would start up a separate and good sized jackass.

Baltimore Chronicle.

At a late Assize in Ireland, two men were condemned to be hanged. On receiving their sentence, one of them addressed the Judge, and said he had two favors to ask of him.

"What are they?" inquired his lordship.

"Plase your honor, will you let me hang this man before I am hanged myself?"

"What is the other request?" said the judge.

"Why, plase your honor, will you let my wife hang me, for she will do it more tenderly than the hangman—and then what she will receive for the job will help the poor crater to pay her rent."

Native Dignity.—A coach passing along had nearly run over a girl, when the coachman called out, "take care, Sally." The girl, however, without attempting to escape the danger, looked up to the coachman with an air of offended pride, and said, "It isn't Sally—It's Amelia Ann."

One of the most significant toasts we have yet seen published, is the following given at the Chuckatuck Va. celebration of the day. Business is business, and the prudent man never suffers it to be wholly forgotten :—

By James P. Gwinn, (Deputy Sheriff.—Fellow citizens, prepare to pay your taxes, for I shall soon be down upon you.

Anti-Bed-Bug.—A late European paper informs us that a few drops of sweet nitre will effectually banish bed-bugs. In some of our hotels and steamboats, then, *sweet nitre* will make *night sweeter.* Philadelphia Times.

Patriotism.—A person entering the House of Commons when the Rump Parliament was sitting, exclaimed—"These are goodly gentlemen—I could work for them all my days for nothing." "What trade are you, my good friend?" "A ropemaker," replied the other.

Etymology.—"Why are doctors called physicians, mamma?" said a little inquisitive girl to her mother, who had just been visited by one of them. "Physicians," replied mamma—who was seldom at a loss for an answer—"comes from *feeseek*, as the doctors ride about all day to seek fees.

A Full Grown One.—The Cincinnati Express says, that after the last rise of the Ohio, an *eel* was left high and dry upon the shore below Paducah, Ky., which was only 180 feet 7 inches long. He had just swallowed the steamboat Dolphin, mistaking it for a fish of that species.

A genuine Jonathan, who had long been paying attention to Farmer C———'s daughter Sally, invited his dearly beloved to ride to the store with him. They arrived, and after looking at all the pretty things, said Jack, "Mister, draw me a glass of gin, and sweeten it well with molasses." It was done, and Jonathan swallowed it at a draught, then smacking his lips, he turned around and thus addressed his dearly beloved—"*I say, Sall, that was darn'd good; why don't you buy a glass for yourself.*"

A Melancholy Reflection.—An old bachelor, a friend of ours in the country, tells us of the addition of several little ones to the families of his brothers and sisters, and thus muses upon his own forlorn condition—"I feel like a post set up in the midst of an orchard; the young shoots are starting up all around me, *but no young posts.*"

How to Enjoy a Clean Shirt.—Gillman, in his life of Coleridge, says, "I have heard Coleridge relate the following anecdote of his father :—The old gentleman had to take a short journey on some professional business, which would detain him from home three or four days; his good wife, in her care and watchfulness, had packed a few things in a small trunk, and gave them in charge to her husband, with strong injunctions that he was to put on a clean shirt every day. On his return home, his wife went to search for his linen, when to her dismay, it was not in the trunk. A closer search, however, discovered that the vicar had strictly obeyed her injunctions, and had put on daily a clean shirt, but had forgotten to remove the one underneath."

The Far Far-West.—A young adventurer writes to a friend in this city that he has "settled down" so *very far* in the West that the sun never shines upon him until towards night! Capital retreat during dog-days, certainly. We have a good mind to pay the chap a visit.

Blushing.—An Irish drummer, whose round and rosy cheeks gave notice that he now and then indulged in a noggin of right good *poteen*, was accosted by the inspecting-general, "What makes your face so red, sir?" "Plaze your honor," replied Pat, "I always blushes when I spake to a general officer."

Cool.—A fellow with a torn shirt lately entered an editor's room in Wall-street, and thus saluted him :—"Are you the individual that's to furnish copy for to-morrow's paper?" The editor bowed. "Then fork it out—for I am one of the gentlemen that's ready to set it up."

When the sale of oysters in the months of May, June, July, and August was interdicted, a man who sold them in August was fined. "You must be fined," said the magistrate, "for selling oysters in a month which has no R in it." "Please your honor," replied the oysterman, "I spells it—"O-r, Or, g-u-s-t, gust, August." The man was excused.

HARD OF HEARING. A LOVE STORY.

A young Jonathan once courted the daughter of an old man that lived "down east," who professed to be deficient in hearing, but, forsooth, who was more captious than limited in hearing, as the sequel will show.

It was a stormy night in the ides of March, if I mistake not, when lightning met lightning, and loud peals of thunder answered thunder, that Jonathan sat by the old man's fireside discussing with the old lady (his intended mother-in-law) on the expediency of asking the old man's permission to marry "Sal." Jonathan resolved to "pop it" to the old man the next day; "but," said he, "as I think on the task my heart shrinks." To be brief, night passed, and by the dawn of another day the old man was to be found in his barn-lot feeding his pigs. Jonathan rose from bed early in the morning, spied the old man feeding his pigs, and resolved to ask him for Sal.

Scarce had a minute elapsed after Jonathan made his last resolution ere he bid the old man "good morning." Now Jonathan's heart beat, now he scratched his head, and ever and anon he gave birth to a pensive yawn. Jonathan declared that he'd as lief take thirty-nine "stripes" as to ask the old man; "but," said he aloud to himself, "however, here goes it, 'a faint heart never won a fair gal,'" and addressed the old man thus :

"I say, old man, I want to marry your daughter."

Old man—"You want to borrow my halter. I would loan it to you, Jonathan, but my son has taken it, and gone off to the mill."

Jonathan (putting his mouth close to the old man's ear, and speaking in a deafening voice)—"I've got five hundred pounds of money."

Old man (stepping back, as if greatly alarmed, and exclaiming in a voice of surprise,—"You have got five hundred pounds of honey. What in the mischief can you do with so much honey, Jonathan? Why, it is more than all the neighborhood has use for."

Jonathan (not yet the victim of despair, and putting his mouth to the old man's ear, bawled out)—"I've got gold."

Old man—"So have I, Jonathan, and it's the worst cold I ever had in my life." So saying, he sneezed a "wash up."

By this time the old lady came up, and, having observed Jonathan's unfortunate luck, she put her mouth to the old man's ear, and screamed like a wounded Yahoo :—

"Daddy, daddy, daddy, you don't understand—he wants to marry our daughter."

Old man—"I told him that our calf-halter was gone."

Old lady—"Why, daddy, you can't understand; he's got gold! he's rich!"

Old man—"He's got a cold and the itch, eh! What's he doing here with the itch, eh?" So saying the old man aimed a blow at Jonathan's head with his walking cane; but, happily for Jonathan, he dodged it. Nor did the rage of the old man stop at this, but with angry countenance he made after Jonathan, who took to his heels, nor did Jonathan's luck stop here; he had not got out of the barn yard, nor far from the old man, who run him a close race, ere Jonathan stumped his toe and fell to the ground, and before the old man could "take up," he stumbled over Jonathan, and fell sprawling in a mud hole. Jonathan sprung to his heels, and with the speed of John Gilpin cleared himself. And poor Sal! she died a *nun*. Never had no husband.

A LITERARY CHARACTER.

One morning, during the "rabid stage" of the late "pressure," while looking over some new publications, in the fashionable *magasin* of one skilled in bibliography, there enters a middle-aged specimen of humanity, who, from crown to heel bore the marks of a decayed gentleman. He looked as if he had been "spending the night in a stable, and taking his breakfast at a pump."

"Sir," said he, bowing condescendingly to the shopman, and speaking with studied precision of diction, "you see before you an unfortunate individual—one who, as the poet remarks, is greatly

> ——'in want of ready rhino,
> Like many hereabout that you,
> And some, perhaps, that I, know.'

Permit me, therefore, my dear sir, to ask, *could* you oblige me with the *loan* of a fip?"

"No, sir, I '*could*' not!' replied the shopman, sarcastically.

"Ah!" responded the solicitor, "I had no idea that the times were so hard here. I thought they were hard enough in Philadelphia, but——nothing like it—noth-ing *like* it! I feel for you," he added, laying his hand, with a philanthropic air, upon his breast, "I feel for you all!" He mused for a moment, then extending his arm, and flourishing the tattered remnant of a pocket handkerchief, he continued, "What is this great and glorious country coming to, I should like to know, under its present rulers, with their bank-laws, sub-treasury, and so forth? To ruin, sir—to utter ruin! 'Man,' as the English Grammar very correctly observes, 'is a verb.' Our government, the body corporate, is the verb to be!—to do! And we, the people, sir, of this great and glorious country, are the miserable passive verb, to suffer!"

"Shade of Cicero!" thought we; "such eloquence would shame the oratory of our 'Eagle of the North!'"

"Sir," said the shopman, "I have no time to attend to you. You will oblige me by leaving the store."

"Oh certainly!"

And he retired accordingly. Knickerbocker.

Opera Dancers three thousand five hundred years ago.—Nothing can be more common-place than the remonstrances made by some of our prudes against what they are pleased to call the modern grossness of opera dancers—their standing on one foot, the other being elevated and extended parallel to the arm, while the figure of the fair *artiste* spins about like a top—their short flights in the air—and, in short, all those rapid variations of attitude by which the Melanies and Mercandottis extracted so much applause and hard cash from John Bull. Taglioni is levying large contributions on the Russians, and Duvernay intends to obtain a revenue more than equal to that of many a German principality. "Such distortions of the human frame were never seen before! All the result of the vicious state of society at which we are arrived! Shameful abominations—they should be confined to the French Academy, where, no doubt, they have been invented! And then the petticoat!" Remembering these sage criticisms, I confess I could not help laughing outright when I beheld, in a copy of the Beni Hassan memorials, a group of female dancers, one pirouetting away on one foot, the other extended in the Academic style, and the arms outstretched. I thought at first it was Taglioni herself! There are eight dancers in all, some attitudinizing, the arms raised above the head, and the hands gracefully meeting; some dancing in pairs; some, evidently *figurantes*, waiting until the principal *artistes* have finished their exhibitions. And then the petticoat—I am sorry to say it—is not an inch longer than Taglioni's. It is, however, but justice to those primeval days (I speak of 3500 years ago) to remark, that though the dresses of the female dancers were sufficiently fine to show the form and movement of the limbs, they generally reached the ancles. Round the hip was a small girdle adorned with beads or ornaments of various colors. In most of the respectable families the slaves were taught dancing and music; but it appears that free Egyptians, who derived their subsistence from the display of their talents, were occasionally engaged at private parties for the entertainment of guests by dancing and playing various instruments. Sometimes they danced a solo to sounds made by the clapping of hands. The *minuet de la cour* is claimed also as a French invention. But we have it on a Theban fresco! It would appear, moreover, that the hornpipe, which affords so much delight to the galleries in the "Beggar's Opera," was not unknown upon the Nile at the period in question; and that the Highland reel, the Irish jig, the Spanish bolero, the quadrille, and *mirabile dictu!* even the galopade, are all neither more nor less than imitations of the performances familiar to the Egyptians long before the Trojan war. Quin's "Ancient Days."

"A goose-quill is more dangerous than a lion's claw," says the old proverb; and often it does more harm to the goose that wields it than to any other creature.

LOUISVILLE (Ky.) FALL RACES,

Will commence over the Oakland Course, either on the First or Second Tuesday in October next. Due notice will be given, however. During the meeting, the following Sweepstakes will come off :—

1. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $500 each, $100 ft., Two mile heats. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Geo. Sanders names b. c. Accident, by Bertrand, out of Diamond.
2. J. R. Ward names b. f. by Bertrand, out of Black-eyed Susan.
3. Willa Viley names b. c. by Bertrand, out of Maria.
4. M. W. Dickey names b. c. by Sir Archy Jr., out of Maria Howe.
5. J. K. Duke names ch. f. by Medoc, out of Cherry Elliott.
6. Wm. Buford names ch. f. by Medoc, out of Peggy Stewart.
7. R. B. Tarlton names gr. c. by Woodpecker, out of Ophelia.
8. J. Bradley names f. Lady Slipper, by Dungannon, out of Jenny Jenkins.
9. Oakland Association names f. Maid of Oakland, by Oakland, out of Kitty White.
10. S. Burbridge names R. B. Tarlton's c. by Singleton, out of Fan.
11. Geo. W. Tarlton names c. Sir Charles, by Collier, dam by Doublehead.
12. L. Sanders, Jr., names ch c. Acoranont, by Collier, out of Old Crop.
13. S. Davenport names ch. f. by Frank, dam by Kosciusko.
14. J. Shy names c. Darby Allen, by Collier, out of Lady Jackson.
15. J. W. Fenwick names ch. f. Lady Bertrand, by Bertrand.

2. Sweepstakes for 3 year old fillies, sub. $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. F. Kerr names b. f. Josephine, by Waxy, dam by Cumberland.
2. Geo. N. Sanders names b. f. Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand, out of Budget of Fun.
3. M. R. Tarlton names Robt. Mosby's b. f. by Woodpecker, dam by Whip.
4. G. S. Jones not named.
5. M. Thompson names b. f. by Columbus, out of Rickety by Sir Archy.
6. S. Burbridge names ch. f Elvza Henry, by Contract, out of Kitty Whip.
7. J. W. Fenwick names Willina Herndon, by Woodpecker, dam by Whipster.
8. Thos. G. Moore names br. f. Fanny Lightfoot, by Lafayette Stockholder, out of Beautiful by Sumpter.

3. A Stallion Stake for 3 year olds; sub. $200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats. Four subs. and closed.

William Buford, Jr., names the get of Medoc.
M. R. Tarlton " " Woodpecker.
T. G. Moore " " Sparrowhawk.
Y. N. Oliver " " Waxy.

4. A Post Stake for 1838, 1839, and 1840, for 3 year olds; sub. $100 each, h. ft. The Association to give a Silver Plate, value $500. The 2d best horse to receive $100 of the Stake. Two mile heats. Eighteen subs. and closed.

1. G. N. Sanders	10. R. Pindell
2. G. N. Sanders	11. Wm. Buford, Jr.
3. S. Burbridge	12. M. W. Dickey
4. S. Burbridge	13. J. K. Duke
5. Mason Thompson	14. Robt. Burbridge
6. Benjamin Luckett	15. J. W. Fenwick
7. M. R. Tarlton	16. J. R. Grigsby
8. F. R. Robinson	17. Thos. G. Moore
9. Jas L. Brady	18. Wm. Wynn.

5. Sweepstakes for 2 year olds; sub. $100, h. ft. One mile. To name and close 4th July 1838. Now 4 subs.

Geo. R. Blackburn | Wm. Buford, Jr. | E. M. Waggener | M. W. Dickey.

PURSES.

For Four mile heats, Jockey Club Purse - - $1200
Three mile heats, Proprietor's " - - 700
Two mile heats, Oakland Plate, value - - 500

Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor.*

☞ THE NEW ORLEANS JOCKEY CLUB RACES, over the Eclipse Course, will commence the first Tuesday in December next. Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor.*
Louisville, June 25, 1838. [J'7]

PUBLIC SALE OF BLOOD STOCK.

I OFFER for sale, at public auction, on a credit of two years, the following *Stud of Horses*, together with a number of others, if not previously disposed of, on Thursday, the 23d day of August, 1838, at Tree Hill, my residence, in Woodford County, Kentucky, to the highest bidder, the purchaser to give bond with approved security. Gentlemen of the Turf, and those who wish to obtain valuable Blood Stock, on the most accommodating terms, will do well to attend the sale. There has rarely, in the United States, been offered to the public such a chance to select Blood Stock from. Some of the most distinguished racers of their day in Kentucky, have sprung from those mares: Almanzor, The Duke of Orleans, Childers, Elborak, Streamlet, Maria Duke, Medoca, and others.

I will, also, offer for sale at the same time and place, and on the same terms, several *Blooded Cows* and *Heifers*, that are with calf by Frederick.

No. 1. *Arminda*, b. m., foaled 1823; by Doublehead, dam by Imp. Buzzard; grandam by Columbus, g. g. dam by Simms' Wildair, g. g. g. dam by Mark Anthony—Partner—Morton's Traveller—Jolly Roger, &c.

HER PRODUCE.

1835. March 22, b. f. Medoca, by Medoc.
1836. March 17, ch. f. by Medoc.
1837. April 2, ch. f. by Medoc.
1838. April 1, ch. c. by Medoc.
Stinted again to Medoc.

No. 2. *Brown Lock*, b. m., foaled 1826; got by Tiger, dam by Imp. Speculator, grandam by Imp. Dare Devil. She was bred by Col. Holmes, of Virginia, and out of a thorough bred mare.

HER PRODUCE.

1838. March 14—ch. c by Medoc, and stinted again to Medoc.

No. 3. *Lady Rowland*, ch. m., foaled 1822; by Tayloe's Hamiltonian, dam by Little Quicksilver, grandam by Old Union, g. g. dam May Fly, by Tippoo Saib, g. g. g. dam Malinda, by Liberty—Cripple—Janus, &c.

HER PRODUCE.

1832. May 29—ch. f. by Dungannon.
1835. March 3—ch. c. by Medoc.
1836. March 16—ch. f. by Medoc.
1837. June 16—gr. c. by Abdalrahman.
1838. July 4—ch. f. by Medoc.

No. 4. *Martha Darneale*, b. m., foaled 9th May, 1830; by Sumpter, dam by Doublehead, grandam by Imp. Buzzard, g. g. dam by Columbus, g. g. g. dam by Simms' Wildair, g. g. g. g. dam by Mark Anthony—Partner—Murton's Traveller—Jolly Roger, &c.

HER PRODUCE.

1836. May—ch. c. by Medoc.
1838. April 13—ch. f. by Medoc.

No. 5. Ch. m., foaled 1823; by Doublehead, dam by Imp. Dion, grandam by Claudius, g. g. dam by Imp. Janus.

HER PRODUCE.

1836. March 27—s. f. by Medoc.
1837. April 27—s. f. by Medoc.
1838. April 18—s f. by Medoc.

No. 6. *Grasshopper*, ch. m., foaled 1828; full sister to Almanzor; got by Sumpter, dam by Imp. Archie, grandam Robt. Alexander's Old Dare Devil mare, who was bred by Col. Holmes, of Virginia, out of a thorough bred mare.

HER PRODUCE.

1834. April 17—ch. c. by Kosciusko.
1835. June 1—ch. c. by Medoc.
1836. May 14—ch. f. by Medoc.
1838. March 29—ch. f. by Medoc.

No. 7. *Lamplightress*, ch. m., foaled 1825; by Davis' Hamiltonian, he by Tayloe's Hamiltonian; dam by Duke of Bedford, grandam by Lamplighter, who was by Imp. Medley.

HER PRODUCE.

1835. May 16—ch. f. by Medoc.
1837. April 12—ch. f. by Medoc.

No. 8. *Peggy Stewart*, b. m., foaled 1824, by Blackburn's Whip, out of Old Mary Bedford by Duke of Bedford, grandam by Imp. Speculator, g. g. dam by Col. Holmes' imported horse Dare Devil.

HER PRODUCE.

1832. March 10—b. m. Herodias, by Kosciusko, now in foal to Medoc.
1834. April 7—b. m. Little Peggy, by Abdalrahman.
1836. March 3—ch. f. by Medoc.
1837. May 23—ch. f. by Medoc.
1838. May 9—b. f. by Bertrand, and stinted again to Medoc.

No. 9. *Vanity*, b. m., foaled 1826; by Imp. Bluster, dam by Tayloe's Hamiltonian, grandam by Grey Alfred, and he by the Lindsey Arabian; g. g. dam by Active—Fearnought, &c.

HER PRODUCE.

1836. May 12—b. f. by Medoc.
1838. March 16—ch. f. by Medoc, and stinted again to Medoc.

No. 10. *Susan*, gr. m., foaled 1831; by Cumberland, (who was by Old Pacolet, out of a well bred mare,) out of Vanity by Imp. Bluster, grandam by Tayloe's Hamiltonian, g. g. dam by Grey Alfred, g. g. g. dam by Active—Fearnought, &c.

HER PRODUCE.

1836. May 13—ch. f by Medoc.
1837. May 10—ch. f. by Medoc.
1838. May 1—b. f. by Sidi Hamet, and again stinted to Medoc.

[Jy21-2t] WILLIAM BUFORD.

SWEEPSTAKES—TREE HILL, NEAR RICHMOND.

THE following Sweepstakes are to be run over the Tree Hill Course, near Richmond, Fall Meeting, 1838.

No. 1. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.
No. 2. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, out of mares that never produced a winner; sub. $150, ft. $100. Two mile heats.
No. 3. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $100, h. ft. Mile heats.
The above stakes will close on or before the 20th Aug. 1838.
No. 4. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring 1838, to run Spring 1841; sub. $500, ft. $200. To name and close 1st Jan. 1839.
No. 5. Sweepstakes of $100 each, h. ft., Mile heats, to which will be added a Gold Cup, value $500, given by the owners of Chateau Margaux, Tranby, Whale, & Co., for the produce of mares covered by either of their horses in the Spring of 1835, to be run Spring of 1839.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Randolph Harrison, jun., names produce of I. C. and Imp. Tranby.
2. Also, produce of Molly Andrews and Tranby.
3. William Gall names produce of Sally Drake and Tranby.
4. J. W. Dibrell names produce of Imp. Isabella and Tranby.
5. William A. Cocke names produce of Amy and Tranby.
6. C. T. Totts names produce of his gr. m. (by Eclipse) and Tranby.
7. Wm. Burton names produce of the dam of Veto and Tranby.
8. Bierton & Robinson name produce of Silvertail and Tranby.
9. Samuel S. Myers names produce of Lady Barksdale and Tranby.
10. James Barbour names produce of Imp. Anna Maria and Tranby.
11. Dabney Goldthwaite names produce of gr. m. (by Sir Charles) and Tranby.
12. Wm. Wynn names produce of Flirtilla and Chateau Margaux.
13. Also, produce of Martha Ann and Tranby.
14. Williamson & Poindexter name produce of a Florizel mare and Tranby.
15. J. L. Deanes names produce of an Alfred mare and Tranby.
16. W. H. Minge names produce of the dam of May Day and Tranby.
17. J. B. Kendall names produce of Mary Randolph and Tranby.
18. Joshua Goode names produce of a Sir Charles mare and Tranby.
19. Edmund Townes names produce of the dam of Medriff, and Whale.
20. Wm. Townes names produce of a Sir Harry mare and Whale.
21. Samuel S. Loundes names the produce of a Potomac mare and Whale.
22. Ed. F. Wickham names produce of Julianna's dam and Tranby.
23. Thos. H. Lawson names produce of Phillis and Tranby.
24. William M. Chamberlayne names produce of Violet (by Herod) and Tranby.
25. J. M. Sheppard & R. C. Williamson name produce of Malcolm's dam and Tranby.
26. A. T. B. Merritt names produce of Clara Fisher and Chateau Margaux.
27. W. H. E. Merritt names produce of Caledonia and Chateau Margaux.
28. Also, produce of Sally Hope and Chateau Margaux.
29. W. S. Scott names produce of a Washington mare and Tranby.
30. Also, produce of a gr. m. (by Sir Charles) and Tranby.
31. E O. Watkins names produce of a b. m. (by Sir Charles) and Tranby.
32. O. P. Hare names produce of a Sir Solomon mare and Chateau Margaux.
33. Daniel Dugger names produce of Polly Peacham and Imp. Fylde.
34. Also, produce of Jennie Deans and Fylde.
35. R M. Rogator names produce of Lady Charles and Tranby.
36. W. F. Wickham names produce of a Virginian mare and Tranby.
37. Abner Crump names produce of Pomona and Chateau Margaux.
38. C. Thompson & Doswell name produce of Lady Rowland and Tranby.
39. Thos. Doswell & Burnley name produce of a Contention mare and Tranby.
40. Wm. J. Clare & Wilhamson name produce of a Herod mare and Tranby.
41. Lemuel Vaughan names produce of Lapanto's dam and Tranby.
42. Jefferson Minor names produce of a Red Rover mare and Tranby.

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to the above stakes will write to the Proprietor before the time of closing. [The last stake, No. 5, is closed.]

[Jy14-4t] JOHN P. WHITE, *Proprietor.*

FOR SALE,

THE CLUB BOAT DISOWNED, 39 feet long, well found with oars, &c. She was built by Seaman, of Jersey City, and won the great $2000 race last season, beating the Gen. Washington, of Poughkeepsie. Price $350. Application to be made to Capt. C. Cole, South Ferry, N. Y. [J2]

ENVOY

WAS IMPORTED from England by the Hon. Judge Wilkins, late Minister from the United States to Russia. He is now 5 years old, of the richest bay color, without a white hair upon him, and is 16 hands and one inch high. He is now at the stable of Mr. Lewis K. Grigsby, in Winchester, Clark County, Ky., where it is intended by his owners he will remain for the present, and where he will be introduced to a few mares only, and them of good pedigree. Mr. Grigsby has now in his possession a filly by Envoy, out of a Moses mare, owned by James Wilson, foaled on the 14th April last, which, from present appearances, is not second to any in the United States.

Pedigree of Envoy.—Envoy was sired by Memnon, who was certainly the most distinguished horse of his day—he was by Whisker (brother to Whalebone, Woful, Wire, &c.) out of Manilla by Dick Andrews; her dam Mandane, by Pot-8-o's, out of Young Camilla, sister to Calibri, &c. The dam of Envoy is Zarina, by Morisco, by Muley; her dam, Ina by Smolensko—Morgiana by Coriander—Fairy by Highflyer—Fairy Queen by Young Cade—Routh's Black Eyes by Crab, &c. &c. JAMES WILSON, Proprietor.

Extract of a Letter from a highly respectable Gentleman in Kentucky, dated April 21, 1838 :—

"Mr. Wilson.—I went to see your imported horse *Envoy*, at Mr. Grigsby's—he was very fine, and appears, in all his parts, to be all he ought to be. I also saw the filly by Envoy, out of your old Moses mare: it was foaled on the 14th April, and is really very large and very fine. You speak highly of a colt you have, 11 months old, but I doubt very much if you have as fine a colt as this, and from its appearance, Envoy must breed well."
June, 1838. [J23-6t*]

TO ALL WHO KEEP HORSES.

JUST received, a large supply of WADE'S WORM and CONDITION POWDERS, for horses, a medicine well known in England and France, where it has stood the test of experience, and certificates granted by the first veterinary surgeons, recommending all who keep horses particularly to use the powders at this season of the year, in order to promote the animals condition. These powders destroy the worms, loosens the hide, fines the coat, so as to do away the necessity of bleeding, renders the food more nutritive, prevents the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They require no restraint in either labor or feeding, and require little trouble in giving, as it is simply throwing the fourth part of the powder into the horse's feed a night.

Agent for New York, J. H. HART, corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, and J. G. Howard, corner of Hicks and Fulton-streets, Brooklyn. [At26]

TO ANGLERS.

JOHN CONROY, 52 FULTON-STREET, has just received from England an excellent assortment of Silk and Hair Lines; Patent Silk Lines of various colors; Multiplying Reels, Trout Flies, Trout and Pike Trolling Tackle, Cork and Quill Floats, Fly Books, Tackle Cases, Limerick and Kirby Hooks, &c. &c. &c.

Fly Fishers are invited to call and examine a beautiful article of American FLY RODS, of my own manufacture.

Trolling, Perch, and Bass Rods, always on hand, or made to order.

Conroy's improved Bass Reels for casting. Conroy's Reels, with, or without Balance Cranks. Brass Folding Net Rings, with jointed handles, and also the ordinary Rings made by myself. Shrimp and Crab Nets, Fish Cars, &c. &c. &c.

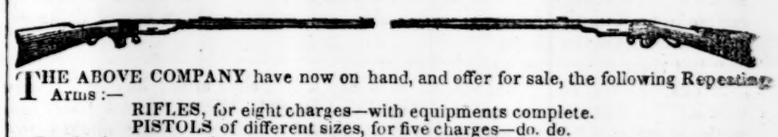
A good assortment of TACKLE always on hand, and any article in the line made to order at 52 Fulton-street, N. Y. [m31] J. CONROY.

PATENT ARMS MANUFACTURING Co.

No. 155

BROADWAY NEW-YORK.

COLT'S PATENT.



THE ABOVE COMPANY have now on hand, and offer for sale, the following Repeating Arms :—

RIFLES, for eight charges—with equipments complete.
PISTOLS of different sizes, for five charges—do. do.

The Equipments consist of Charger, Extra Receiver, Bullet Mould, Cap-Primer, Cleaning Rod, Lever, Belt, &c., all of which are put up in mahogany cases.

Cap Primers for Sporting Guns, of new and perfect construction.

☞ *Dealers* supplied on the most liberal terms.

Orders will receive immediate attention, if directed to the subscriber,
[J23] C. B. ZABRISKIE, Sale Agent, 155 Broadway, N. Y.

THE KNICKERBOCKER HOTEL, PARK ROW.

THIS Establishment, now under the superintendence of A. S. ALLEN, formerly of Boston, offers greater advantages to Travellers, and Transient and Permanent Boarders, than any other Hotel in New York, not only as regards its superior accommodations, but also the great economy of its charges.

Situated in the most centrel part of the city, overlooking the Park, and in the very midst of every thing that is attractive as regards amusements, and every thing that is useful as regards business, the Knickerbocker cannot fail of being not only an eligible, but a desirable location for Travellers, and all others who wish to unite comfort with economy.

Attached to the Hotel are rooms for Military and Public uses, Private Rooms, Billiard Rooms, Bowling Allies, &c. [Jy14-4t]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 52 Chatham-st, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d27

CHEAP MUSIC.

AT WILL'S MUSIC SALOON, 201 BROADWAY, New-York,—where may always be obtained a large and valuable assortment of music, musical instruments, and musical merchandise of every variety, and of the first quality.

New and fashionable music, also standard publications of old and valuable music, games, and instruction books, church music, and music for the flute, &c.

Music bound in superior style, with spring backs.

The subscriber respectfully informs the public, that having made arrangements with the manufacturer, he will be constantly supplied with PIANO FORTES of every description, which, for superiority of touch, richness of tone, and elegance of workmanship, are not surpassed by any in the country.

Great attention will be given to orders for Piano Forte tunings, both as regards the manner of tuning, and the punctuality of executing orders.

The stock of music merchandise is very extensive, embracing every article appertaining to music, both of European and American manufacture. [m27]

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

AUGUSTA, Ga. - - - - - Lafayette Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, Tuesday, 11th Dec.
" " Match, $10 000 a-side, 2 miles, *Target* vs. *Volney* Fall meeting.
CAMDEN, N. J. - - - - Match, $5000 a-side, 2 m. h., *Langford* vs. *Willis*, Fall meeting.
CINCINNATI, Ohio. - - First Jockey Club Fall meeting, last Tuesday, 25th Sept.
CULPEPER C. H., Va. - Jockey Club Fall meeting. 3d Monday, 17th Sept.
COLUMBUS, Ga. - - - - Western Course, Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 9th Oct.
DANVILLE, Va. - - - - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 25th Sept
FORT SMITH, Arks. - - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Wednesday, 24th Oct.
GREENSBORO', Ala. - - Henry Courss, J. C. Fall meeting, 5th Tuesday, 30th Oct.
JEFFERSON Co., Miss. Jefferson Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 3d Wednesday, 21st Nov.
LANCASTER, Pa. - - - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 11th Sept.
LOUISVILLE, Ky. - - - Oakland Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 1st or 2d Tuesday in Oct.
LYNCHBURG, Va. - - - - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 12th Sept.
MARION, Mo. - - - - - Sweepstakes, (continuing three days), 1st Wednesday, 3d Oct.
MOBILE, Ala. - - - - - Bascombe Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 27th Nov.
MILLEDGEVILLE, Ga. - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 13th Nov.
MONTREAL, L. C. - - - St Pierre Course, 5th Tuesday, 28th Aug.
MOUNT STERLING, Ky. Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Thursday, 13th Sept.
NASHVILLE, Tenn. - - Jockey Club Fall meeting, last Tuesday, 28th Aug.
NEW IBERIA, La. - - - Quarter race, $1000 a-side, *Brilliant* vs. *Brooks*, 13th Oct.
NEW ORLEANS, La. - - Metarie Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 12th Dec.
" " " Eclipse Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th Dec.
NEW YORK CITY. - - Beacon Course, *Athletic Exercises* 1st Wednesday, 5th Sept.
" " " " " *Trotting Sweepstakes*, 3d Tuesday, 18th Sept.
" " " " " First Fall *Trotting* meeting, 4th Wednesday, Sept. 26
NOTTOWAY, Va. - - - - Bellefonte Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 18th Sept.
OLYMPIAN SPRINGS, Ky. Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Thursday, 27th Sept.
OPELOUSAS, La. - - - - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Thursday, 8th Nov.
PALMYRA, Mo. - - - - Central Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 25th Sept.
QUEBEC, L. C. - - - - Annual Autumn Meeting, 1st Monday, 3d Sept
ST. MATTHEWS, S.C. - Jockey Club Annual meeting, 2d Wednesday in January next.
SOUTHAMPTON, Va. - - Cross Keys Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 18th Sept.
TRENTON, N. J. - - - - Eagle Course, Fall meeting, the week after Camden, N. J.
TALLAHASSEE, Flo. - - Marion Course, J. C. Annual meeting, 2d Wednesday in Jan.
WASHINGTON CITY. - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 2d Oct.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a great number of RACING, TROTTING, PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC SHOOTING, and other MATCHES and CHALLENGES, at home and abroad, see previous numbers.

LAST DAYS OF A PIRATE.

In the Carribean sea, and not far from the estuary of the river San Juan, are situated a number of small keys, generally denominated the "Corn Islands." They are inhabited by a mixed race of English, Spanish, Indian, and negro; and which have, from the earliest settlement of the West India islands, been the resort of buccaneers, pirates, traders, and fishermen. Lying at a sufficient distance from the main land, to be exempted from the continued storms and rains for which that coast is noted—open to the trade winds, which by day meliorate the heats of a tropical climate, and by night waft from the ocean an ample supply of moisture for the production and preservation of uninterrupted and fadeless vegetation, they appear to him whose eyes have long been unregaled by a view of the green and smiling land, as so many little specimens of paradise scattered on the sea.

Thrown by fortune on one of these secluded isles, and after partaking largely of the cheerful but unostentatious hospitality of the inhabitants, I wandered forth along the avenues of orange and lime trees, whose clustering flowers loaded the air with perfume, while the moonbeams glancing through the interstices of the foliage, were brightly reflected from the pendant drops which hung like diamonds from the leafy spray.

I was now treading the ground oft trodden by the fierce freebooters of by-gone days; here they rested from their murderous toils; threw aside the blood-stained brand, and for a time indulged the gentler passions of their natures. Often, perhaps have these woods echoed with the wild song of mirth, the bacchanalian revel or the softer whisperings of love—for even the remorseless pirate loves, and fiercely too. Reflections like these brought in their train the fancied forms of Lolonols, Brasileno, Bat, Morgan, and other rovers of renown, whose deeds of desperate doing still live in a thousand traditionary tales. But my reverie was interrupted by a sound of distant music softly and sweetly stealing along the winding alleys of shrubbery, and losing itself among the murmurings of the waves as they broke on the rocky shore. Curious to know from whom the strain proceeded, I followed it, and suddenly found myself in front of a small low hut built of reeds, and thatched with branches of the palm, a lamp filled with the oil of cocoanuts, shed a faint and fitful light. In front of the hut reclining in a hammock which was suspended between two orange trees, I observed a man apparently listening to the song of a female who sat beside him, and seemed endeavouring to soothe him to slumber as she gently swung the hammock to and fro. His face was pale, his sunken eyes were closed and partially covered with a profusion of auburn hair, which fell in ringlets over his brow, on which the burning sun had left its swarthy impress. As I approached he raised his head, and motioned his attendant to cease her song, while with a voice feeble, but somewhat stern, he bade me welcome; and the lovely songster, who was a beautiful creole girl, with the form of a sylph and the step of a fawn, brought me a seat which she proffered, and retired within the hut. Some trifling conversation ensued, during which his manner made an impression on my mind which time has failed to erase. His person was small and lightly formed, and though now feeble and emaciated, still betrayed the remains of elegance and activity, his large blue eyes, sunken and lustreless, darted from object to object with a restlessness that denoted a heart but ill at ease, as the fierce energies of his nature seemed struggling with the languor of disease. Interested by his appearance, I made some inquiries respecting his disorder.

"The physicians," replied he, "think it a pulmonary affection, and for aught I know, it may be so, but the root of the matter is here, (laying his hand upon his heart), far beyond the reach of medicine."

"Perhaps a change of climate—"

"No, no!" interrupted he; "climates and countries are alike to me; my glass is nearly run, and it matters little how or when I die—so I but die."

These words were spoken with a certain peevishness of manner which preclud ed farther conversation, and I took my leave, resolved, however, soon to repeat my visit, for I had become too deeply interested in his fate to rest satisfied without obtaining a farther knowledge of his character. Accordingly I renewed my visits from day to day, until they became frequent, and by many little nameless attentions, I at last won upon his confidence, and he appeared to take pleasure in my society, and even expressed himself uneasy at my absence. In the meantime his health continued rapidly to decline, and he was evidently just on the verge of mortal existence. I had often in the course of my conversations with him endeavored to draw his attention to the consolations of religion; but the indirect allusion to religion or immortality would cloud his brow with a frown which told me they could minister no comfort, peace, or hope to him. At the close of an afternoon which we had passed together, as he lay gently swinging in his hammock, he fixed his eyes on the sun, just then dipping beneath the western wave, and remarked:—

"See what a glorious sight is there! The time has been when I could look on such a scene with emotions of the most elevated pleasure; now my heart sickens at the sight, it reminds me of my fast approaching doom. Yon sun has run its course in brightness, and it sets in splendor; my career has been one of darkness, and soon must set in gloom."

"But the sun will rise again," I observed.

"Yes," he replied; "and you mean to say I, too, shall arise; ha! ha! Arise to what?" and he laughed, not loud, but such a laugh! Oh, its infernal gibber still rattles in my ears! 'twas such a laugh as the refinement of torture might extort from a wretch agonizing on the rack; it was the wild expression of the horrors of hell already seizing on the soul.

"Do you not believe it?" said I; "surely you are not an atheist?"

"No, no! no more an atheist than yon grazing brute, who believes or disbelieves neither creeds nor doctrines. Would I were an atheist!"

"Nay, say not so; sickness has disordered your mind. Can you not pray?—Have you never prayed?"

"Did I never pray! Oh, yes, I remember—but 'tis like a dream—when kneeling on my mother's lap, she taught me to lift my infant orisons to heaven: and she would pray with me too, and for me; and in after years, when thrown adrift on the wide world, when all who loved or was beloved by me were slumbering in their graves, even then the memory of those prayers would shed a sacred influence over my soul; I hoped, but ah! how vainly hoped, that still a mother's prayer would draw heaven's blessing on my head. Long years have fled since aught like supplication to God or man has passed these lips. It is true I worshipped, but it was at a most unholy shrine—the deity whom I adored asked blood, and blood I gave him. Yes, a whole hecatomb of human lives this hand has immolated on the altar of revenge."

"Oh, horrible!" I exclaimed; "surely you rave—you mean not what you say."

"Nay, nay, 'tis sober truth. But listen, I have not many hours to live; I will employ them in sketching for you a brief outline of a wicked, hapless, hopeless life. For twenty years you are the only human being who has crossed my path from whom I have received, without a bribe, one cheerful word or kindly look, save this poor girl, and she—but enough of that—you will not betray me! Justice indeed claims much of this ensanguined hand of mine, but death will help me to cheat her of her due. I was born in Wales; at the age of fifteen years I lost parents, friends, and fortune. Thrown on my own resources, I came to the West Indies, and succeeded after a time in obtaining a situation of overseer to Gonzales, the Governor of St. Ann. He was a proud and haughty Spaniard, whom I disliked, for I had not yet learned to hate, and I should soon have left his service but for a being whom he called his daughter; the fairest—but what matters it how fair she was! I loved her—loved her with all the pure affections of my soul, and she loved me. Well, five years passed away. At length I gained her consent to leave this island and unite her destinies with mine, for the stern Spaniard would as soon have bestowed his daughter on a slave as on me. I obtained a boat and the assistance of a negro to convey us to the main, when the black villain betrayed us to his master, and on the point of embarking, we found ourselves surrounded by soldiers and slaves, who, by the governor's order, stripped me to the skin, yes, there, before the gaze of hundreds, and worse, before her for whom only I cared to live, I was stripped and flogged, publicly flogged by a negro! Oh, how my heart was crushed! My spirit was broken, but not subdued. There, kneeling on the sand, the blood streaming from my lacerated shoulders, I swore never to rest satisfied until I had washed out the foul disgrace in the heart's blood of a hundred Spaniards. I have performed my oath. Twenty long years have passed away since that accursed hour, and the vengeful flame that then kindled in my soul has ever burned with fierce intensity, while each new victim served as fuel to the raging fire, and nought but the chill damps of death can quench its blaze. The governor sent me to Chagres as a prisoner; to obtain my liberty, or rather my release from a filthy dungeon, I entered into the military service of the Spaniards.

"The revolution which had broken out in Caraccas, had now become general along the main; the patriots were every where in arms, and I soon found means to join them, but not without first sheathing my knife in the hearts of my colonel and two sentinels. Here my hatred to the Spaniards soon rendered me conspicuous, and obtained for me the command of a small party, with which I prosecuted a guerrilla warfare in the interior; but was finally taken, manacled, and marched barefoot and wounded across the isthmus to Panama, with scarcely a rag to protect me from the scorching sun; it was almost insupportable. I complained of my head, and the merciless villains gave me a paper cap; and lest the wind should blow it from off my head, they fastened it to my scalp with boiling pitch. But the desire of revenge supported me beneath all their tortures. I again escaped, and at length found myself at the siege of Carthagena, in the command of a gunboat. Here I signalized myself by many a deed of blood, and after the capture of the place obtained a captain's commission, and the command of a fine brig. I was ordered to convey several of the Spanish nobility with their property to the island of Curacoa, and accordingly set sail, but steered my course directly for St. Ann. On the passage I called my crew together; informed them we had on board upwards of two millions of dollars belonging to the Spaniards, who were our natural enemies, and inquired if they were disposed to let so fine a prize slip thus easily through their fingers? They caught greedily at the glittering bait, and with one voice exclaimed, 'Set the Spaniards adrift! Land them on the desert island!' Having thus obtained their consent to an act which equally implicated all, I resolved on my future course, and took my measures accordingly. That night, while the passengers were asleep in their berths, I despatched them successively with my own hand, and launched them through the cabin windows—they told half a score towards the fulfilment of my oath. We arrived at St. Ann, and anchored off the island at night, I immediately landed with a boat's crew of chosen ruffians, and proceeded undiscovered to the house of Gonzales. On the way we met his son, a lad of some sixteen years, whom I compelled to conduct me to his father's bedside, where I found him buried in the arms of sleep. There he lay, the object of my soul's most bitter hatred! Did I strike him then? did I send him slumbering into eternity? No, no! I aroused him—he saw me stand smiling over him with my dagger at his throat, and his craven soul burst with terror from his glaring eyes. Oh! what a delicious moment was that to me! He spoke no word, but gagged and bound, I had him speedily on board, whilst my crew sacked and set fire to the town, the hateful scene of my early degradation. Yet there was one bitter pang to be endured—but 'twas only for a moment. Ere I left the island, the daughter of Gonzales came—she whom I loved so well; on her knees she besought me. 'Spare! oh! spare my father! You loved me once—' 'Ay! but I love no longer—Revenge has absorbed my soul, there is no room for love—away!' I saw her no more. As for the governor, I had him whipped until he implored me in mercy to plunge my dagger in his heart; no such mercy to him—the scourge was plied while he had aught of sense or feeling left, and then we gave him to the sharks. Why do you shrink as in horror?—Think you I was more than revenged? He was but one of the doomed hundred. Well, for this act I was outlawed by the government, and commenced a cruise upon my own account. A few remaining hours of my life would not suffice to tell a tithe of my adventures, perils, and escapes. Three times I have been a prisoner; but stratagem or gold were ever potent to loosen bolts and bars. Once I was tried for my life at N. O.—but the glittering of the shining ore dimmed the eyesight of my judges, and they could discover no spot of blood upon my hands. Five years I roved the terror of these seas; but now, what all the art and power of man have failed to do, the never ceasing tumults of a guilty mind have done—cut short my mad career. Long since I felt the hand of death upon me, and like the wounded tiger that seeks some gloomy den wherein to die, hither I came without associate or friend but this little creole nurse—chance has made us acquainted. I have confided to you the outline of my history; it will serve as a tale to while away a tedious hour, and make your hearer stare. And now, grant me one favor when I am dead, living I ask none;—bury me in the sea full twenty fathoms deep. I have done. Give me some drink—my mouth is parched—my brain is in a whirl. Ha! that pang, death is here, I feel it about my head. Well, why should I live? and yet to die with such a load of guilt—hush—hush! speak not to me. I know what you would say—but 'tis all in vain. What's death to me. I have boarded him a thousand times—why do I shrink so now? A heavy mist comes gathering over my sight. Who are these? Off, off! why do you let them come so close!"—With a deep desperate effort he raised himself upon his couch, seized with a convulsive grasp my hand; gazed on me for a moment with a terrified and ghastly glare, and then fell back exhausted on his pillow. His distorted features gradually relaxed; the wild expression of his eye slowly assumed a placid look, and something like a smile played about his lips—the pirate was no more.

On the evening of the Coronation the places of amusement were thrown open to the public. The admission being regulated by tickets issued to admit as many as each house would accommodate. Mr. Bunn, of Drury Lane, and Mr. Macready, of Covent Garden, received £400 each for the loan of their theatres, and to provide suitable entertainments. It is also understood that £200 each was paid for the Haymarket and English Opera. Mr. Davidge, the lessee of the Surrey Theatre, received £150; Mr. Honner, of Sadler's Wells, £100; Mr. Yates, of the Pavilion, Whitechapel road, £100; and Mr. Osbaldeston, of the City of London Theatre, Norton-folgate, £100, for a similar purpose. At Astley's, a grand spectacle was produced, got up expressly for the occasion, but the precise sum paid by the government we do not find stated. At Vauxhall, £750 was to be paid for the use of the Gardens, which it is supposed would accommodate nearly 37,000 persons.

One hundred and seventy five thousand newspapers were despatched from the Post Office in London the Monday after the coronation.

LANCASTER JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THESE Races will commence on the 2d Tuesday, 11th Sept., and continue four days;—free for all horses complying with the Rules of the Club.

First day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5, Purse - - $100
Second day—Two mile heats, - - - - - - 200
Third day—Three mile heats - - - - - - 400
Four h day—Four mile heats - - - - - - 600

By order of the Jockey Club. [Jy28-7t]

CENTRAL COURSE, PALMYRA, MISSOURI.

THE FALL RACES over the Missouri Central Course will commence on the 25th September next.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts, untried; sub. $100 each, ft. $25. To close 1st Sept. Now 3 subs.
Second day—Purse $150, ent. $15. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
Third day—Purse $250, ent $25. Two mile heats.
Fourth day—Purse $400, ent. $40, Three mile heats.

In all cases three or more horses to make a race, and the entrance not added to the Purse. By order of the Club. THOMAS W. LANE, *President*.
[Jy28] S. BUCKNER, *Sec'y pro tem.*

STALLIONS FOR SALE.

IN CONSEQUENCE of having so large a number of Stallions upon his Stock Farm, as to render it inconvenient to give them proper attention, the subscriber will dispose of four at less than their actual value, viz.:—

JOSHUA, by Gohanna, dam by Eclipse Herod, grandam by Imp. Bedford. He is 7 yrs. old, 15½ hands high—a blood bay without white.

GOLDBOY, by Industry, dam by Ogle's Oscar, (Margaret Armistead's dam). He is 7 yrs. old, 16 hands high.

BROKER, by Sussex, dam by Telegraph, grandam by Hickory, g. g. dam Old Maid of the Oaks. Dark bay, nearly 16 hands.

DANIEL STAR, by Star, dam by Peacemaker. Five yrs. old. Bay, nearly 16 hands.

The four are young, and all fine dark bays without white, except Goldboy, who is marked very like his sire; they are put up strong, and are second to none in action and appearance. I will sell either or all of them on time. They are all in training for the ensuing Fall Races. Their pedigrees are generally well known, but will be given in full if desired. Letters will have prompt attention, if addressed to
[Jy28-2m] T. R. S. BOYCE, Ellicott's Mills, Md.

SWEEPSTAKES.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open, to be run over the Norfolk and Portsmouth Course, Fall meeting of 1838. The time of holding the meeting will be fixed so as not to conflict with the Petersburg, Richmond, or Broad Rock meetings.

1. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $300, ft. $100; Two mile heats. Four or more to make a race.
2. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $150, ft. $100; Mile heats. Four or more to make a race.

The above stakes will close on the 1st Sept. next. Nominations to be addressed to the Proprietor, at Portsmouth, Va. [Jy21] E. J. WILSON, *Proprietor*.

WANTED,

IMMEDIATELY—a number of men to distribute SYLVESTER'S NEW COUNTERFEIT DETECTOR, and Bank Note List. Apply to
[Jy28] SYLVESTER & CO., 156 Broadway, below Maiden-Lane.

SYLVESTER'S

NEW COUNTERFEIT DETECTOR, AND BANK NOTE TABLE, in pamphlet form, published this day, and for sale by
[Jy28] SYLVESTER & CO., 156 Broadway, below Maiden-Lane.

BEACON COURSE.

THE FOLLOWING SWEEPSTAKES will be run over the above course on Tuesday, 18th Sept. next.

Sweepstakes, free for all trotting horses; sub. $500 each, h. ft., with $200 added by the Proprietors. Two mile heats in Harness. Three or more to make a race.
The FIRST FALL MEETING will commence on Wednesday, 26th Sept. [Jy14]

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE FALL MEETING of 1838 will commence, over the Bascombe Course, on Tuesday, the 27th November, and continue five days.

First Day—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds Spring of 1838, sub $250, ft. $100, Dash of one mile; to name and close 1st Aug.; 4 or more to make a race.
Messrs. Nott & Fearn. | Col. Vance Johnston.
Col. Jas. S. Garrison. | Mr. David Stephenson.

Second Day—J. C. Purse, Two mile heats..... $500
Third Day—J. C. Purse, Three mile heats..... 700
Fourth Day—J. C. Purse, Four mile heats..... 1000
Fifth Day—J. C. Purse, Mile heats, best 3 in 5..... 300
} Free for all ages.

Sables and litter furnished gratis by the Proprietor. Five per cent. entrance to the Purses—free for all horses complying with the Rules of the Club.

F. K. WEST, *Sec'y.*

P. S. Entries to the Sweepstakes must be made in writing, addressed to the Secretary.
[ap21] F. K. W.

CARROLLTON (Ky.) FALL RACES.

THE Fall Meeting of 1838 will commence, over the Carrollton Course, on Monday, Sept. 3d, and continue five days.

First Day—Match, $100 a-side, h. ft., One mile, between Mr. Carracoe's ch. h. *Charley* and Mr. Seymour's *Ellen Ross*.

Second Day—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds; sub. $25 each, h. ft. Mile heats. Closed with 4 subs.
H. Vaughan names ch. c. Tom Smith, by Lance, dam by Botts' Lafayette.
E. S. Revill names b. f. Oxidento, by Bertrand, out of Diamond by Florizel.
G. E. Blackburn names Amanda Zureman, by Medoc, dam by Sir Archy.
Thos. Moore names b. c. by Sir Charles, dam by Camsil.

Third Day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $30 each, h. ft. Mile heats. Four subs. and closed
H. Vaughan names ch. f. by Lance, dam by Sir Archy.
G. E. Blackburn names gr. f. Arilla, by Lance, dam by Bertrand.
Thos. Moore names b. f. by Bertrand, out of Budget of Fun by Kassina.
Stephen T. Drane names bl. f. by Mark Anthony, dam by Botts' Lafayette.

Same Day—J. C. Purse $——, Mile heats.
Fourth Day—J. C. Purse $——, Two mile heats.
Fifth Day—J. C. Purse $——, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
Sixth Day—J. C. Purse $——, Three mile heats.
} Free for all ages.

The amount of the Purses is not yet ascertained, but will be liberal.
[Jy7-9t] HIRAM SENOURS, *Secretary.*

NATIONAL J. C. FALL RACES.

THE Fall Races of 1838, over the Washington City Course, will commence on the first Tuesday, 2d Oct. next.

SWEEPSTAKES.

1. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $500, ft. $200. Two mile heats. To name and close 15th Aug. Four or more to make a race. Now 3 subs.
Capt. John Heth.
Mr. Gettings names b. g. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Betsey Robinson.
E. J. Wilson.

2. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $150, ft. $100; Two mile heats. To name and close 15th Aug. Four or more to make a race. Now one sub.
E. J. Wilson.

3. Sweepstakes for 2 year old colts and fillies owned or bred in Maryland or District of Columbia; sub. $75, ft. $25. One mile. To name and close 1st Sept. next. Four or more to make a race.

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to the above stakes will please address the Proprietor at Portsmouth, Va. Any subscriber naming to the above stakes has a right to change his entry on the day of closing each stake.

☞ Of the PURSES, &c., due notice will be given.
[Jy21] E. J. WILSON, Proprietor, Portsmouth, Va.

CINCINNATI JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE First Meeting of the Cincinnati Jockey Club will commence on the 4th Tuesday, 25th Sept. next.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $250 each, h. ft. Two mile heats. To name and close 1st Sept.

Same day—The *Ohio Breeders' Plate*, a Splendid Silver Pitcher, value $100, ent. free, for any thing bred in Ohio.

Second day—Proprietor's Plate, value $500. Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $750, ent. $75; if three or more start the 2d best to be entitled to $150; if not three, the winner to get $600. Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1200, the 2d best, if 3 or more start, to be entitled to $200; if not 3, the winner to get $1000. Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Cincinnati, July 7, 1838.—[Jy21-4t] GEO. M. LONG, GEO. N. SANDERS, } *Proprietors.*

CULPEPER C. H. (Va.) FALL RACES,

WILL commence on the Third Monday, 17th day of September next, and continue five days.

First Day—Match, $1000 a-side, 100lbs on each., Three mile heats, between
John P. White's gr. g. *Dandy*, by Medley, dam by Sir Charles, aged.
James Hansbrough's b. h. *Klapper*, by Mason's Rattler, dam by Walnut.

Second Day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $100, h. ft., Two mile heats; 3 or more to make a race.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $100, h. ft. Two mile heats; 3 or more to make a race.

The above stakes are to close on the 15th of August next. A sufficient number of entries have already been made to insure a race. Any entry named before the 15th Aug. can be changed up to that day.

Third Day—J. C. Purse $300, ent. $20.

Fourth Day—Proprietor's Purse $150, ent. $10, Two mile heats.

Same day—Handicap Sweepstakes, for all ages; sub. $25 each. One mile. To close the evening preceding the race.

Fifth Day—Purse ——, with the gate money of the day added; ent. $20 or $30; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds raised in Culpeper, or some adjoining county, or next to an adjoining county; sub. 50 bushels of wheat, to be delivered in some country mill in one of the counties in which colts may be entered, ft. $25. If the winner should prefer it, the proprietor will give him at the races $1 per bushel for the wheat of any responsible miller put up as the entrance.
[J7-t22s.] WILLIAM DUVAL, *Proprietor.*

SWEEPSTAKES—FAIRFIELD, Va.

A SWEEPSTAKES for 3 year olds, Spring meeting of 1839, out of mares that never won a race nor produced a winner. Mile heats. Sub. $150, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1839. Now several subs. and promises well, as there is a large number of mares of that class. Intended entirely for *honest countrymen*, who are *kept out of play* generally, by the *high trump*.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring 1839. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1839.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring of 1839. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. Four or more to make a race. To name and close as above. Now 3 subs.

A Produce Stake for foals to be dropped in 1839. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. To name and close as above.

A Sweepstakes for foals dropped in 1837. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st July, 1838. Now 3 subs.

Also,—A Post Stake for 3 year olds, Fall meeting of 1838. Two mile heats. Sub. $200, P. P.

And a Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, same time. One mile. Sub. $100, h. ft. Now two subs.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Fall meeting of 1838. Two mile heats. Sub. $200, ft. $100. Four or more to make a race. To close 1st Sept. Now two subs. and promises well

Same time—A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds that never won a race. Mile heats. Sub. $200, ft $150. Four or more to make a race. To close 1st Sept. 1838.

A Sweepstakes for foals dropped in 1838, out of mares that never produced a winner, to be run 4th day of Spring meeting, 1841. Sub. $150, ft. $100. To close 1st Sept. 1838. Now several subs.

A Post Stake for 4 year olds, (native and imported stock, and crosses,) to be run 1st day of Spring meeting, 1839. Three mile heats. Sub. $500, ft. $200. Four or more to make a race. To close 1st March, 1839. [J30-tf.] JOHN S. CORBIN, *Proprietor.*

TROTTING SWEEPSTAKES—BEACON COURSE.

BY the solicitation of a number of Gentlemen, the Proprietors are induced to offer the following Sweepstakes, to come off the first part of September, on the Beacon Course, Hoboken, N. J.

1st. Sweepstakes, free for all trotting horses; sub. $500 each, h. ft., with $300 added by the Proprietors. Three mile heats, under the Saddle. Three or more to make a race.

2. Sweepstakes, free for all trotting horses; sub. $500 each, h. ft., with $300 added by the Proprietors. Three mile heats, in Harness. Three or more to make a race.

3. Sweepstakes, free for trotting horses that never won a purse over $100; sub. $200 each, h. ft., with $100 added. Two mile heats, in Harness. Three or more to make a race.

4. Sweepstakes, free for trotting horses that never trotted for money; sub. $200 each, h. ft., with $100 added. Two mile heats, under the Saddle. Three or more to make a race.

5. Sweepstakes, free for trotting horses that never trotted for money; sub. $200 each, h. ft., with $100 added. Two mile heats, in Harness. Three or more to make a race.

☞ Entrance to be made at Randel Smith's Hotel, No 31 Park Row, on or before the 1st of August, by 9 o'clock in the evening, when the entries will be opened.

If only one horse starts, he shall not be entitled to the money added.

For each Sweepstake the track must be in good order, or postponed until it is. The Judges must decide. A. L. BOTTS, *Sec'y.*
New York, June 30, 1838. [J30-tf.]

St. LOUIS (Mo.) FALL RACES.

THE Fall Races over the St. Louis Course, will commence on Monday, 8th Oct, and continue six days.

First day—Purse $50, with the entrance money ($25 each) added. Mile heats. No distance.

Second day—Purse $150, ent. $15; Mile heats.
Third day—Purse $200, ent. $20; Two mile heats.
Fourth day—Purse $300, ent. $30; Three mile heats.
Fifth day—Purse $500, ent. $50; Four mile heats.
Sixth day—Purse $150, ent. $15; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
} Free for any horse, mare, or gelding in the U. S.

Owners of horses may rest assured that the Course will be in the best order possible, and that every accommodation in the way of stabling will be in readiness for their reception. [Jy14] BENJAMIN AMES, *Proprietor.*

SETTER FOR SALE.

A VERY HANDSOME SETTER, 3 years old, liver color and white, may be had cheap on application to This Office. He is staunch, under perfect command, and for Woodcock is not excelled by any setter in the country. [Jy7-3t]

STALLION FOR SALE OR HIRE.

TALMA, own brother to *Alice Grey*, by Henry, out of Sportsmistress by Hickory, will be sold low, or farmed out during the ensuing season. He is a grey, about 16 hands high, and perfectly sound. Apply (if by letter post paid) to the Editor of this paper [m17.]

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Eighth) of this paper was commenced on the 17th of February, 1838, being the *third* volume of a NEW SERIES, that was commenced on the 20th Feb., 1836. (The Old Series comprised Five Volumes, and a supplement of four numbers.) Great care is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

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